NEW YORK CLIPPER

Vol. V.—No. 16 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1857. Four Cents.

ON THE MEANS

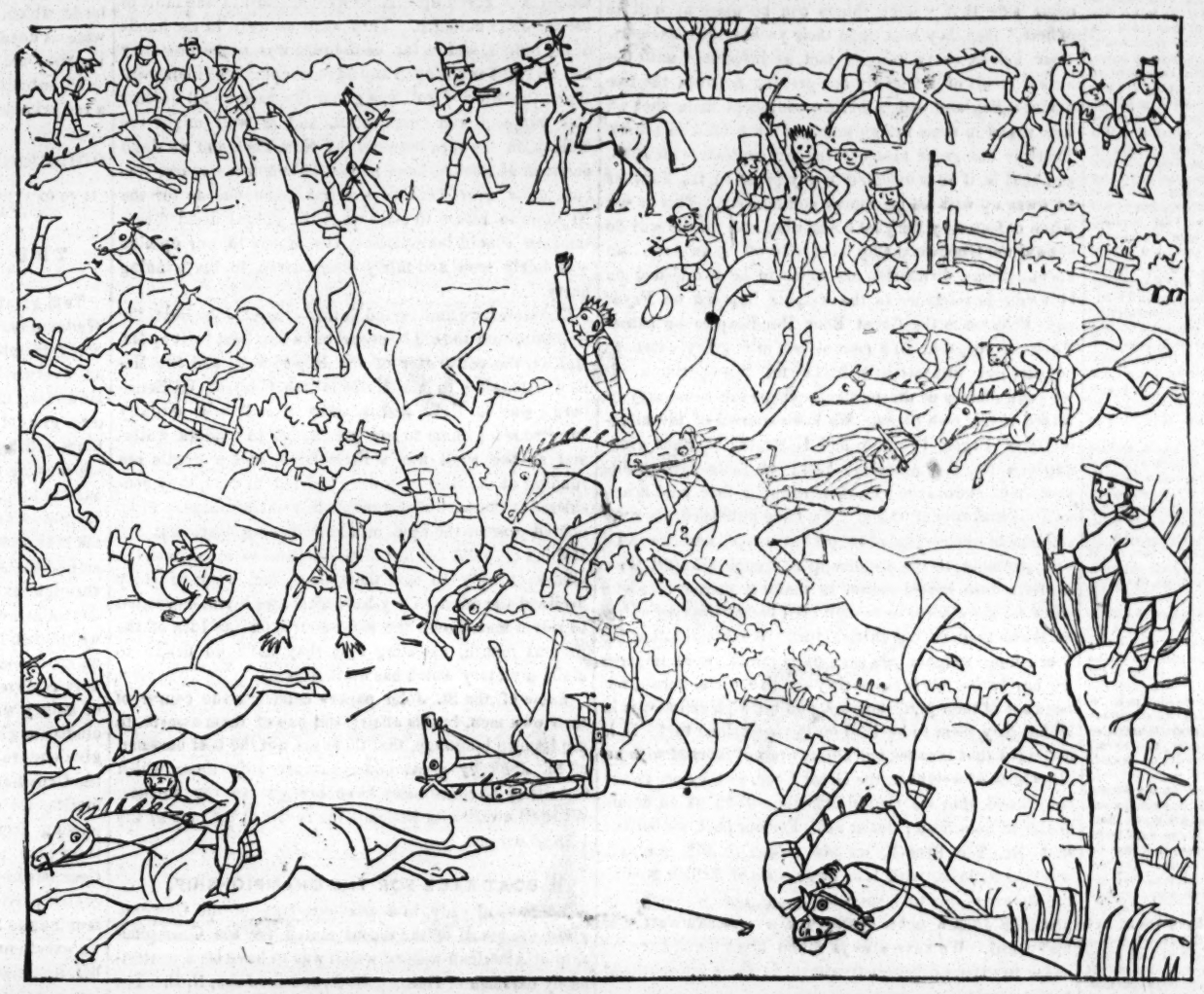
OF PRESERVING AND RESTORING HEALTH.

NATURE has, in her love towards her offspring, made the maternal provision that the great majority of them should be borne with hale and sound constitutions. Having endowed us besides with reasoning faculties, she has left it to ourselves to do as we like with the gifts she has bestowed upon us. At the same time she has determined that there should be rewards and punishment according to the use we make of these gifts. The chief reward is health, the punishment pain and sickness. Nothing upon earth can be more simple than to preserve health naturally good—than to continue a constitution stamped at our birth with soundness and stamina. We have only to avoid those vicious habits and those excesses pointed out and reprobated in the preceeding pages. That is all. The moment we do so, we give ourselves up to moderation, and to habits dictated by nature, and consequently the goodness of our constitution will grow with our growth, and when the latter ceases, and when we grow downwards like the shoots of the banana, the effects of our early sound constitution carefully nursed will be visible beneath our gray hairs. It really would be superfluous to point out in detail in an article like this, the minute means of preserving health. Observe sobriety, temperance in all things, chastity, and your constitution will receive strength from these sources that will fill your veins with vigorous vitality, and swell your muscles with substance matter, more flexible, endurable, stronger than engine-twisted cable. We do not bid you be sober as a judge ever ought to be, temperate as a Brahmin, or chaste as a priest is supposed to be. No; but do not be quite the reverse. Leave excess of indulgence on your left hand, and excess of abstemiousness on your right, and walking straight between the two, you will be followed by buxom health and glowing enjoyment. Above all things, let the young at the period of puberty, and for two or three years afterwards, indeed until their frame be thoroughly set, observe moderation, moderation, moderation.

When we say a few words concerning the restoration of health, we do not mean health ruined by accidental afflictions, or by complicated, inherent, contagious, or epidemic disease. If we did, we would be charlatans, encroaching on the grounds of science, and usurping the functions of the surgeon and the M. D. We speak of health debilitated by dissipation and criminal indulgences, and to restore and strengthen which, we think ourselves capable of offering the best advice. A great deal of that advice will be found in a chapter on TRAINING, soon to be published in the CLIPPER, in which will be found the best methods of developing the bodily powers of the human frame. Now, addressing ourselves to persons of shattered stamina and undermined constitutions, we tell them to follow, but in a minor degree, our precepts for rendering pugilists fit for the arduous struggles of the prize ring. We tell them to attend to three things—diet, exercise, and rest—which being well observed, health will be lured back again, and pour in her balm, once more, through those pores of the frame from which excesses had forced her. The first thing that is to be done is to wean the body, slowly and gradually, from indulgence, whether in wine or woman, to make the cravings for either, rendered a natural appetite almost by indulgence, disappear imperceptibly and without shocking too violently the pampered constitution—not to cease suddenly and altogether from indulgences, but let them drop piecemeal, and then wholly, one by one. Well, suppose them gone. You no longer riot in false raptures with women—you no longer revel in the luxurious excesses of the table. You have become comparatively temperate and chaste. Good—the ice is broken. At first you will feel feeble in body and languid and depressed in mind. Be not dismayed, be patient, suffer this feebleness of body and this depression of mind for a few days or weeks, but in the meantime be pouring into the body, not in large portions, plain and nutritious aliment. Begin with broths, plain and not yet rich soups, jellies, both animal and vegetable, a little red wine, Abernethy, or good captain's biscuits, milk, sago, arrowroot, and, if the blood be heated, rice. A few oysters now and then, a draught of bottled Dublin stout, and if the stomach be very weak, infusion of gentian or camomile tea of a morning, or a glass of port wine and bark at noon. Be cleanly in your person above all things, keeping the skin of every portion of the body with its pores well opened, and free from the obstruction caused by perspiration, and this is only to be done by soap and water, or the warm bath. Change your linen frequently, and the sheets of your bed weekly. This will induce refreshing sleep, "the sovereignest thing on earth" for the restoration of health enfeebled by excesses. We will suppose you now with your strength stealing back, and your appetite beginning to lay hold of the stomach. Try then chocolate for breakfast, or tea—not green—somewhat weak, and well softened with milk, cottage bread, well baked and a day old, and a mutton chop, lean and lightly done. After this, exercise, gentle and not fatiguing, calling upon and chatting with friends, and when your dinner hour arrives, which should be early, repeat, doubling it if you can, your lean and lightly-done chop, and with them drink a glass of good stout. In an hour afterwards a little more exercise, and then pass your evening at some innocent amusement, taking no tea, but rather a biscuit and a glass of good "beeswing" instead. Under this regimen you must soon revive. Then let your diet be somewhat stronger, the staple commodity being broiled rump-steak, slightly done, without fat, without sauce—its own gravy, rich and ruddy, being the most strengthening sauce in the world, stale bread, no vegetables, no spirit, but a little wine, and a pint of beer per day, of pure mild ale or good stout. Take exercise more freely, sleep not over much, in bed early and out of it betimes. Fill the lungs with draughts of the morning air, enjoy the less fatiguing sports of the field, lave your body, if it be summer time, in the waters of old ocean, or in those of one of his offspring, commonly called rivers. Do all this, and you will soon be able to exclaim "Richard's himself again." As soon as you find your step firm and elastic, your hand steady, your eye clear, your mind sound, your stomach performing without pain its functions, your secretions regular, your strength staunch, you may return to your accustomed avocations, and you may, but mind how you do it, kiss once more the ruby lip of woman and the wine-glass rim, never again to be tasted, save temperately. Henceforth and for ever let your motto be, "*Ne quid nimis*," which simply means, "Of *no one thing too much*."

HEALTH OF CHILDREN.

RISING early is a habit of high importance to fix in children; and in forming it there is far greater felicity than in other cases. There is a natural propensity in children generally to early rising, which needs only to be gratified and encouraged. They usually retire to bed some time before their parents, and at daylight, or at least sunrise, are generally awake and anxious to rise. Many of them are actually bred up with difficulty to the habit of taking a morning nap, which, when once formed, generally prevails through life. Let the father deny himself so far as to retire early and become an early riser also. His health, enjoyment, and usefulness, he may depend upon it, will be perceptibly benefited. And this may be connected with another preventive of disease—active employment. The morning is the season of activity; the frame, invigorated by repose, is prepared for exertion, and motion gives pleasure. The pure atmosphere, so much more bracing than at other hours, so much sweeter and more exhilarating than the air of a confined chamber, has been prepared to be breathed, and like all nature's medicines, it is superior to any which science can produce. Early rising and early exercise may more properly be called food than medicine, as they are designed for daily use, and to protect us from disease rather than to remove it. Everything except mere sloth invites us—nay, requires us—to train up our children to use them. The morning is the most favorable season for exercising the frame, as well as for making useful impressions on the mind and heart; and whoever tries to conduct the education of his child independently of this practice will lose some of the most favorable opportunities.



YE GLORIOUS AND EXCITING SPORTS OF YE STEEPLE CHASE.

LYING WITH THE HEAD HIGH.

IT is often a question amongst people who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man, whether lying with the head exalted or even with the body is most wholesome. Most, consulting their own ease on this point, argue in favor of that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night and sleep soundly without injury, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels through which blood passes from the heart to the head, are always lessened in the cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; therefore, in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty near on a level with the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus to avoid danger.

THE WAY A YANKEE MADE A DOZEN CHICKENS.

ONE of those peculiarly slab-sided, gaunt Yankees, which the prolific soil down East produces in abundance, lately emigrated and settled down in the vicinity of Chestnut Hill. He was the very picture of a mean, shifty Yankee, but as he put himself to work in good earnest to get his house to rights, the neighbors willingly lent him a helping hand. After he got everything fixed according to his notions, a thought struck him that he had no chickens, and he was powerful fond of sucking raw eggs. He was too honest to steal them, and too mean to buy them. At last a thought struck him—he could borrow. He went to a neighbor, and accosted him:

"Wal, I reckon you haint go no old hen nor nothin' you would lend me a few weeks?"

"I will lend you one with pleasure," replied his neighbor, picking out one of the finest in his coops. The Yankee took the hen home, and then went to another neighbor and borrowed a dozen eggs. He set the hen on the eggs, and in due course of time she hatched out a dozen of chickens. The Yankee was again puzzled—he could return the hen, but how was he to return the eggs. Another idea, and whoever saw a Yankee without one—came to his relief—he would keep the hen until she laid a dozen eggs. He then returned the hen and the eggs to their respective owners—remarking, as he did so:

"Wal, I guess I've got as fine a dozen of chickens as as you ever laid your eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent nuther.

EAT slowly and you will not overeat.

HOW THE OLD CAPTAIN GOT THE NEWS.

AN "old salt" relates the following among the many incidents to which he has been a party since he begun to "go down to the sea in ships." He says:

I was coming from Calcutta in a good ship I then commanded; I had been away from home eleven months, during which time I had no news thence, either public or private. Off Barnegat, we fell in with a fishing smack having on board a man and a boy—father and son. We wanted some fresh fish, and the father coming on board, we then made a bargain with him, receiving in exchange for a real Indian bandanna handkerchief, a plentiful supply.

"Well, skipper," said I, after the barter was over, "what's the news?"

He nodded his head thoughtfully for a moment, and said, "Potatoes is twenty-five cents a bushel!"

"Is it possible?" I asked, "but the news, friend, what is the news?"

"Wal," said he, "there was a great crop of 'em last fall."

"Never mind the potatoes," I replied, "tell us the news—what's going on in the political world?"

"Politikil!" said the fisherman, standing silently for a few moments, "Politikil!—Do you see that fellow in my boat there?" pointing to his son, a mop-headed fellow of eighteen. "Wall, captain, that 'ar chap made two hundred dollars last winter."

There was no use trying to get anything out of him, so we parted. Three or four years after, on my return from another voyage, coming on the same coast, I again met the fisherman. He remembered me, took the identical bandanna I gave him, waved it with a cheer above his head, and swore I should have the biggest of all the fish he had. I made another purchase of him, and was again anxious for the news.

"What's the news?" I inquired, "who's President?"—it was just after a general election.

Said the fisherman, "Dy'e recollect my boy that I had in the smack with me, the one that made the two hundred dollars?"

"Yes," said I.

"Wal," he replied, his hard eyes becoming watery, "the little cuss is dead!"

"And that," said the captain, in conclusion, "is all I ever got out of the fisherman of Barnegat."

HERCULES.

HERCULES was a celebrated hero in mythology—the son of Jupiter and Alcmena. He was subject to his brother Eurystheus, King of Argos, by whom he was commanded.

1. To kill the lion of Nemæa.
2. To destroy the hundred-headed hydra of Lernæ.
3. To bring alive and unhurt into the presence of his brother a famous stag, with golden horns and brazen feet.
4. To bring alive a wild boar, which ravaged the neighborhood of Erymanthus.
5. To clean the Augean stables, where three thousand cattle had been kept for many years.
6. To kill the carnivorous birds which infested the country near Lake Stymphalis, in Arcadia.
7. To bring alive a wild boar, which laid waste the island of Crete.
8. To obtain the mares of Diomedes, which fed on human flesh.
9. To obtain the girdle of the Queen of the Amazons.
10. To kill the monster Geron, and bring his flocks, which fed on human flesh, to Argos.
11. To gather apples from the garden of Hesperides.
12. To bring from Hell the three headed dog Cerberus.

A NEW SPORT FOR THE LADIES.

IT is said that *fishing* is becoming a popular amusement for the ladies in some parts "out west." Good, if they will dress accordingly. We would recommend an enlargement of the bonnet for sunny days, and india-rubber hoods and boots for rainy weather. A slight shortening of the dress, as compared with Broadway fashions, would be convenient. But let them go a-fishing. Anything to draw our women from the everlasting tread-mill round of kitchen, pantry, and sitting-room. If the garden and the side-saddle will not draw them into fresh air, let the fish-pond do it.—*Plough, Loom and Anvil.*

A SAFE MAN TO INSURE.

BY a steamboat explosion on a western river, a passenger was thrown unhurt into the water, and at once struck out lustily for the shore, blowing like a porpoise all the while. He reached the bank almost exhausted, and was caught by a bystander and drawn out panting. "Well, old fellow," said his friend, "had a hard time, eh?" "Ye-yes, pre-pretty hard, considerin.' Wasn't doing it for myself, though; was a workin' for one o' them insurance offices in New York. Got a policy on my life, and I wanted to save *them*. I didn't care."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1857.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. F., Cincinnati.—"Some ten days ago, being in Louisville on business, and after settling it, and supper being over, I left my hotel in search of novelty; and wandering with two friends about the town I finally dropped in to a well known sporting house, where, after refreshing the inner man, we took seats in a company of about twelve or fifteen of the Louisville bloods, or, as you would call them, the boys of the town; and the conversation of the evening was the merits and demerits of the fighting men of the day. Their characters were handled with considerable severity, and amongst the rest a man of your place named Morrissey came in for more than a share of abuse from a man by the name of O'Brien, hailing from Troy—this O'Brien used epithets in regard to Morrissey that would disgrace the veriest scoundrel on earth. I forgot to mention that in one corner of the room sat an elderly man, perhaps some fifty years of age, of rather quiet demeanor, accompanied by a boy of about fourteen years of age, which afterwards proved to be his son. On O'Brien getting through with his harangue, this man modestly stepped forward, and in a very respectful manner said: Gentlemen, my name is Montgomery; I belong to New York, and I cannot stand by and hear an intimate and warm friend's character traduced and vilified without branding the slanderer a liar; he stated that he had known Morrissey for some years, and perhaps no man's character in the city of New York stood fairer for honesty and independance than John Morrissey's, and no man had a larger share of friends. With that a scuffle took place, and Montgomery came off with the lion share of the pumbling, and was got out of doors. His son, some how or other, got detained in the room after the doors were shut, and this O'Brien, with one or two others, commenced to abuse the boy. However, in a few moments the father returned, and in his hand he held a fearful carving knife; he made a desperate lunge at O'Brien and cut him from his neck, in the back, a terrible gash; he also cut him four or five times more, and certainly would have finished him but for the crowd. They then undertook to close the doors and detain him, and cried he ought to be lynched. Then some dozen of knives were drawn, when Montgomery cried: I want these doors open, or beware of the consequense; he then commenced to cut right and left, until he drove every soul out of the room. When aroused, I never saw so terrible a looking man, and how he ever escaped being cut to pieces is a miracle. I have been very much blamed for the part I took in getting him away in the mail boat to Cincinnati. He told me to refer to you as to his acquaintance with Morrissey, and as to his being the man that made the match between Bradley and Hyer. If what he said was true, and if he has not imposed on me, which my friends think he has to a certainty, in telling me the story of his knowledge of the character of Morrissey and Hyer, I certainly will never regret anything I have done. Now, in your correspondence, please let me know if he forfeited money in the match between Hyer and Bradley, and whether he was justifiable in interfering amongst strangers, or whether it was done for the sake of bravado. I would like to show my friends, by your paper, that I have not been deceived, and, if you can, enlighten me on the subject." Had we time, we should have replied to you by return mail; as it is, we take this means of answering you. We have made inquiries, and have ascertained that Mr. Montgomery has really been in that section of country. *You have not been deceived.* Mr. Montgomery is well and intimately acquainted with Morrissey; he also lost a bet of a small amount of money in a proposed match between Bradley and Hyer, as he informed you. See our reference to this match in another column. As to his interfering in the case in question, in behalf of the character of an absent friend, we leave to the judgment of the sporting public at large; for ourselves, we honor him for it. It is too often the case that our pugilistic friends are villified and abused without any cause whatever except that they are "fighting men;" and in most cases, those who thus slander them, are those who, if justice were done them, would be doing their country some service in the State Prison. There are as good and honorable men in pugilistic circles, as in other classes of society. In behalf of this fraternity we return you thanks for the interest you took in the affair.

Chickster, Brooklyn.—"If a ball is bowled to the batsman, and he drives it to the opposite wicket, and the ball hits the wicket while the other batsman is out of his ground, is he out? 2. If a ball is bowled to the batsman, and it first hits his bat, can he be out l. b. w. under any circumstances—that is, supposing that the ball from the bat would have hit his wicket but for his leg? 3. If a ball is bowled to the batsman, and he blocks it, and it still rolls into the wicket, and in striking it a second time he hits it into the field, is he out? And, if not out, if the ball being picked up and thrown to the bowler, is over-thrown, can the batsman run for it, or, rather, make a run from the overthrow? 4. When is the ball dead to all intents and purposes? It is only dead for certain points when it is in the wicket keeper's hands, is it not? and only fully dead when the over is called?" 1. Not unless it touch a part of a fielder's person, in which case the ball may be considered as fielded. 2. No. 3. If the batsman hits the ball a second time and then starts to run, he is out. The ball being in the case in question considered dead, it is our opinion that he cannot run for an over-throw, without laying himself liable to be decided out. 4. When the over is called the ball may be considered dead to all intents and purposes, as play ceases altogether until the commencement of the next over. The umpire should be careful, however, not to call the over until the ball is finally settled in the bowler's or wicket keeper's hands.

Quackenbosh of Yonkers.—1. There are no steamers on the Rhone 600 feet in length; your French friend is in error. 2. The Goodwood Cup Race, the first in which the American horses would make their appearance in England, was set down for the 30th July—we may learn the result next week, perhaps. 3. Six is not the highest that can be scored for one hit in playing cricket. 4. Hyer is not one of the Metropolitan police. 5. We cannot undertake to say which is the strongest. 6. Four cents is the regular charge for the Clipper, and agents in this city should not charge more than that.

Tremont, Boston.—1. The Halifax crew is said to have rowed five miles in 31 minutes and 55 seconds, with four oars; the race in which this time was made took place in June, 1856. 2. The best time made by the St. John men, in a distance of five miles, is recorded as 32 minutes and 45 seconds, with four oars. 3. What additional particulars we have received in reference to the recent match between these two crews, may be found under the head of aquatics, in another part of this issue.

Young Beeswax.—1. The cross-buttock can only occur when the right side of each man, in closing, should be in contact, when you are to take a low hold of the waistband of the breeches of your opponent with your right hand, and of his right shoulder with your left, and by this means cant him over your right hip, head-foremost on the ground. 2. We have given full descriptions of the various terms used in fighting, in a treatise on the art of manual defence, recently published in the Clipper.

Constant Reader, Cleveland, Ohio.—Laura Keene first occupied the theatre referred to, but Burton afterwards came into possession of it, by purchase it is said, and Laura, through some oversight on the part of herself or business agent, was obliged to leave. Miss Keene afterwards had a smaller establishment built for her, further down Broadway, which she occupied last season; hence, no doubt, the cause of the dispute.

S. C. T., New Orleans.—The match between Davis and Lafferty had not been settled at last accounts, Davis either having entered suit for his stakes, or threatened to do so. The referee having decided in favor of Lafferty, we should certainly advise Mr. Davis to submit to that decision. If law suits are to follow every match, Mr. Davis had better not enter into any other engagements.

Subscriber, Washington, D. C.—1. Flora Temple attempted the feat of trotting twenty miles in one hour, but failed to accomplish it. 2. Tacony's time of 2:25½, over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, was the best until Tacony was defeated by Flora Temple, over the Union Course, L. I., on the 2d of September, 1856, when Flora went the mile in 2:24½.

W. P., Chicago.—"Was it before or after the death of Simon Byrne that Deaf Burke fought O'Rourke in this country? By giving the date of each you will oblige a number of your readers here." Burke defeated Simon Byrne, May 30, 1833, the fight proving fatal to Byrne. Burke's fight with O'Rourke took place in the vicinity of New Orleans on the 30th of May, 1837.

T. D., Charleston, S. C.—1. Tom Paddock never came to this country to fight Tom Hyer. Your other questions, as to which trade first formed a society in the United States, and whether the painters gave the stone cutters $800 to sustain them in their strike, we are unable to answer definitely. Perhaps some of the parties concerned will inform us.

Agent, Georgetown, D. C.—Prioress has run a mile in 1:45, but this is not equal to Henry Perritt's time for the same distance. It is possible we may be able to announce the result of the race for the Goodwood Cup in our next issue.

S. J., Baltimore, Md.—1. Lecomte beat Lexington when he ran four miles in 7:26; but he was afterwards beaten by Lexington, the latter making the four miles in 7:23¾. 2. Lexington's great time of 7:19¾ was made in a match against time.

D. D. and R. P. Boston.—*Bluff.*—It is expressly stipulated in the rules governing this game that where two hands come together of equal value in pairs, the better hand is decided by the highest side cards.

Sale Race, Minnesota.—No horse ever ran a mile in one minute, as we have frequently asserted before. The marvelous time mentioned in connection with Flying Childers cannot be substantiated. There is no record of such performances.

Reader, Philad'a.—Please decide a wager by giving the date of the killing of Heberton by Singleton Mercer, which took place here some years since, a dispute having arisen on the subject." February 10, 1843.

G. A. B., Philad'a.—A man named Hunter is said to have whipped Hyer in Washington recently, but we know nothing of the matter other than that given in a paragraph now going the rounds. Hyer has not been engaged in a prize fight since his contest with Sullivan.

R. W. Taylor, Carbondale.—According to a reliable record of correct time, accurate distance, &c., the fastest time has been made in America, by Henry Perritt, who ran a mile in New Orleans in 1:42½.

J. T.—*Euchre.*—If you dealt the cards, you have a right to go alone, if your partner assists, but not otherwise, unless this point is agreed upon before commencing the game.

P. K., Buffalo.—Such private matters are entirely out of our line of business; you will therefore please excuse us for not inserting the document.

Fireman, Whitestown.—You can doubtless procure a hose carriage of the description required by advertising in the New York *Leader*, or *Mercury*, both of those journals being organs of the fire department.

Excelsior, Montpelier, Vt.—1. The height of the American Fall is 164 feet; on the Canada side, 158 feet. 2. The height of the railroad track of the suspension bridge is 258 feet above the water.

N. B. C., Chicago.—Letter received, but no enclosure—we have forwarded you the Nos., however.

W. J. J., Salem, N. J.—From the symptoms, it 's apparent that your fowl has the roop, and, unless extremely valuable, it would be advisable to kill it at once, before the others become contaminated.

Bull-Ringer.—1. Jack Randall defeated Martin on both occasions, the first time in 19 rounds, the second time in *one* round, occupying 8½ minutes. 2. Randall was never defeated in the P. R.

Bannockburn.—The salary of the Vice President of the United States is the same as that of the members of the Cabinet, viz: $8000 per annum.

J. A. Harper, Philad'a.—Lancet made a mile in 2:26½ in a race with Flora Temple, on the Centreville Course, last fall, the latter going in harness, while the former was under the saddle.

O. S., Detroit.—1. The river Amazon is 4000 miles in length. 2. Mount Washington, the highest peak of the White Mountains, is 6,234 feet in height. 3. Don't know.

A Scow, Pittsfield.—*All Fours.*—"A deals—B has neither ace, face, nor trump; can B throw up his hand without begging?" No.

H. C. L., Philad'a.—The file of papers came safe to hand; if we can reciprocate in any manner, command us.

S. S. R., Germantown, Pa.—"Which has the largest population, Ohio or Pennsylvania?" The latter.

Two Friends, Jersey City.—The lowest deals, and ace is considered the lowest card in cutting for deal.

Pryor.—The time has been excelled in this country; it is uncommon fast, however.

Silk Buntis, Hollowell, Me.—Harrison had a majority in Rhode Island in 1840—the vote stood: Harrison, 5,278; Van Buren, 3,301.

A. D. W., Boston.—Did not receive it.

Cowray.—See ring department.

D. R. R.—Mr. E. Forrest is a native of the city of Philadelphia.

H. H., Taunton.—See answer to Cricketer.

W. C., Providence.—Gustavus Brooke is a native of Ireland.

OUR RACERS IN ENGLAND.

COMPETITION ON THE BRITISH TURF FOR THE GOODWOOD CUP.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

Thursday, July 30th, was the day set apart for the great race for the Goodwood Cup, which usually interesting event has been rendered still more attractive and exciting the present year, on account of the entry of two of Mr. Ten Broeck's American horses, Pryor and Prioress. It is such a difficult matter to persuade our friends on the other side that "some things can be done as well as others," that they look upon their yachts, their steamers, their horses, every thing in fact, as invincible, until the actual result of a friendly competition between the two nations, England and America, convinces them that we are ahead in some things, and not far behind in others. There is one great pleasure in our contests with John, and that is, if he is defeated in any event by the Yankees he owns up with all manliness and honesty. This he did when defeated by the yacht America, and this he will do should the Goodwood Cup be carried off by an American horse. Some dissatisfaction seems to be manifested on this side in reference to the weights imposed on Pryor and Prioress in the Great Ebor Handicap to be run at York in August. We cannot see any great cause to censure our transatlantic friends for this operation. If we look closely at the matter, perhaps the cause may be traced to our own doors. We have boasted of the superiority of Pryor, Prioress, and Lecomte; of their great exploits on the American turf; of their remarkable powers of endurance; of their running four mile heats, and all that sort of thing. We have published accurate reports of their respective performances, and we must not grumble if the handicapper should take all these matters into consideration in making up his list, and show no more favor to foreign-bred horses than he would to those bred on the British turf. We believe that the "crushing weights" we hear so much of, were imposed on our horses not because they are American horses, but because of their performances, and the high estimation in which they seem to be held on the American turf. It is not right that because our horses are not favored with an allowance of weight in the Great Ebor, as they are in the Goodwood, that we should denounce John as an unfair dealer in horseflesh; not at all. For our part, we believe that Mr. Ten Broeck, on his return to this country, whether he bring with him large sums of British gold as the result of his turf speculation, or not, will publicly proclaim John a noble competitor, a "foeman worthy of his" steed. We have always found him so, and have no cause to expect different treatment in these international turf contests.

But to the race for the Cup—what of the contest? It is yet too early to have news of the result, but next week we may look for it. But what are the prospects? Well, to glance over the sporting journals of London, we would scarce suspect that other than British horses were to contend in the race; they seem to ignore the presence of the American horses, and at the latest dates we do not find them mentioned in the betting. This is owing to the fact, probably, that John imagines that however fast our horses may be in the long run, the British horse is superior in a single dash; or, that, in a first appearance on a strange turf there may be disadvantages which the Americans will not be able to overcome in a first attempt. These reasons may influence our English friends in their betting, &c.; but, certain it is, to use a commercial phrase, "transactions in reference to the American horses remain quiet." The sensation, should we win, will be the greater at the final of the day's operations. Below we give a resume of the latest

GOODWOOD CUP BETTING.

TATTERSALLS, LONDON, JULY 9, 1858.

Gemma di Vergy..	5 to 1 taken.	Arsenal.....	12 to 1 offer'd
Potocki	10 to 1 taken.	Fisherman.....	15 to 1 taken.

MANCHESTER, JULY 10.

6 to 1 agst Anton taken freely.	12 to 1 agst Fisherman taken.
9 to 1 agst Florin taken freely.	15 to 1 agst Fazzoletto taken.

It will be seen that while the French horses Potocki and Florin, are mentioned, Prior and Prioress, the American, are not even alluded to.

Bell's Life of the 12th July says:

The Cup transactions denoted a "screw loose" with Arsenal, who declined from 5 to 1, (taken to £100 at the commencement,) to 12 to 1, (offers,) but strange to state maintained his position with great firmness for the Leger. Gemma di Vergy was thereupon installed first favorite for the Cup, for which 4 to 1 to £75 was taken about the French lot—Monarque, Florin, and Potocki.

The *Field* says of the betting:

Arsenal's name was only mentioned by those persons who had backed him at short odds, and now entertain fears of never having an opportunity of getting out of what they have done. We did not hear an offer to back him at any price.

The *News* of the 18th says:

Anton is being backed heavily for the Goodwood Cup, for which we cannot believe that he has an atom of a chance; and Arsenal seems "intended" for the St. Leger instead. There is a dispute as to his 5lb. allowance in the Cup to which he is most certainly entitled.

Here, again, in these comments of the press on the betting, not a word is mentioned of the Americans. It would, therefore, seem that our horses are apparently in the shade; but this must not be taken for granted. Mr. Ten Broeck is a shrewd financier—what he don't know of turf operations is not worth knowing. In spite of the silence of the press, therefore, regarding Prior and Prioress, we have every confidence that one or the other of them will give a *speedy* account of the qualities of the American race horse. We hope to have it in our power to announce the result of the race in the next issue of the Clipper.

THE HALIFAX AND ST. JOHN BOAT RACE.

FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICAN WATERS.

We have seen a number of statements in regard to the failure of the St. John oarsmen to row the race with the Haligonians, at Halifax, on the 23d ult., and all agree in the opinion that the St. John men were decidedly at fault. We have always given the St. John oarsmen whatever credit they were deserving of, and we are very sorry now that we have to complain of their conduct in the recent boat race at Halifax. The race was got up for their especial accommodation, to enable them to retrieve their lost laurels which were won from them on a previous occasion by the same parties.

It appears that after every preparation was made for starting at the time agreed upon, the judges consented to postpone the race for an hour to suit the convenience of the St. John men, they, as it was asserted, being a little dubious about risking their boat, the Neptune, out on a ripple, the wind at the time blowing, what a sailor would term, a gentle breeze. At the expiration of the hour the judges decided that the race should take place, and the word was given to "go." But the Neptune did not start, and the course was rowed over by the Halifax boat which claimed the race and the stakes, and the money was given up. Here we contend lies the fault of the St. John oarsmen. They were entirely in the hands of the judges, and so far as the race was concerned they had no right to act upon any adverse opinion of their own. When the word "go" was given the race to all intents and purposes had commenced, and as well might the McKay, in the race between the New York and St. John oarsmen at Boston, have hauled off when the course was half gone over, because a storm came on, as for the Neptune to refuse to start when the judges decided that the race should take place. The money in our opinion was fairly won and fairly surrendered to the winning party.

The secret, we understand, is this—the St. John boat, the Neptune, (not the old Neptune, but a new boat built by Mr. McKay, the construtor of the Experiment, and the McKay belonging to the Metropolitan Club of Williamsburg,) was so light and shallow that it was actually dangerous for them to row her except in smooth water, and as the wind was a little fresh, and a gentle sea running at the time they were ordered to start, they considered it the part of discretion to remain ashore. They offered to row the race on the following day, but the Halifax club did not feel disposed to allow them to shape affairs entirely to suit themselves, and very properly declined the offer. They have since, we learn, consented to row a match over the same course on the 12th of the present month, asserting that they have no desire to claim a victory which has no laurels.

Some of the St. John papers condemn the course of their own men, in this affair; and one of them asserts, to use its own language, that these are not the best oarsmen of St. John by great odds, but are only those which fortuitous circumstances have brought to the surface. We shall await with patience the result of the race of the 12th of August.

BOAT RACE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

We have already, in a previous issue of the Clipper, given the result of the recent match for the Championship of American waters, which was to have been contested by oarsmen of Halifax, N. S., and St. John, N. B. The following particulars we copy from the Halifax Chronicle. We have commented on the unsatisfactory result of the match in our editorial columns:

At 10:20 the Halifax boat, "Wide Awake," opened Commissioner's Point, and speedily became the observed of all observers. She was painted straw color, with crimson gunnels, and her stalwart crew of fishermen were dressed in blue shirts and black caps. She pulled leisurely up to the flag ship, apparently for further orders, and then took her station abreast of the Pyramus. In a few minutes after, the St. John boat, "Neptune," (not the old Neptune) was shoved out from the dockyard, paddled up to the Indus, and then took up her position in shore of her opponent. There was all the difference imaginable in the appearance of the two boats. "Wide Awake" had her nose well up out of the water, looking as weatherly as a whaler; while the "Neptune" was cut away to almost nothing, forward and aft, with her midship raised so as to work the oars to advantage, and having her rowlocks fitted to outriggers extending some six inches beyond the topsides—a veritable Thames wherry. Her crew wore white shirts and pink caps.

Well, time wore on—the time for the start came and passed—and still there were no signs of the coming contest. Eleven o'clock tolled out on shore, and the ship's bells proclaimed the fact, chronometer time. Meanwhile the St. John boat was continually pushing backwards and forwards between the flag and receiving ships. The Umpires were on board the latter. These were, for the St. John boat—Stephen Spain, Esq., Master, Lieut. John G. J. Clark, H. M. S. "Indus;" for the Halifax boat—F. W. Passow and John Strachan, Esqrs. Referee—Capt. Hay, of the flag ship. It soon began to be whispered about in the Yard that the St. John men were unwilling to pull the race, on the ground that it was too rough, and the Umpires postponed the race until 11:30 A. M. At that time the signal was again set on board the Pyramus, and the St. John oarsmen were peremptorily ordered to take up their position, preparatory to the start. But they turned a deaf ear to the verbal order, and would not see the signal.

In vain the President of the Club, Mr. Walter Welsh, the umpires and referee, called to them to take their station. At this time, the Neptune was abreast of the Indus, in shore, and the Wide Awake in the place assigned her, which the men had patiently occupied a whole hour, when bang went the gun to get ready, followed by the clear, ringing cry of "off" from the Starter. The exclamation of many on shore was—"Heaven's, what a start Our Boat has given the New Brunswickers!" They were soon undeceived; for the Neptune was pulled right into the Dockyard, hauled up (she only weighs about 130 lbs,) and deposited in one of the boat-houses. Their dastardly retreat was effected amid mingled groans and hisses from the multitude. Meantime the "Wide Awake" boys pulled leisurely round the course, and came home in 33 minutes 59 seconds, without shipping as much as a cup of water.

☞ In consequence of the length of the report of the Bradley and Rankin prize fight, many articles have been crowded out, and a number of answers to correspondents deferred until next week.

THE GREAT PIGEON MATCH FOR $3000.

ITS RESULT.

We noticed in our columns of the 11th ult. a "pigeon match extraordinary" being made, and $2000 against $1000 betted that the shooter did not kill 75 birds out of 100, and in 75 shots, viz., 50 single birds to be trapped 10 yards rise—the shooter to pull his own string, and 25 pairs of birds to be trapped in pairs, at which 25 single shots, *separately*, is fired at each pair, making in all 75 single shots, at 100 birds; to win, the shooter must kill 75 birds.

We did not mention who was to attempt the feat, as at that time a trial match privately was made, at 25 single birds, and 11 double birds according to the above match; the result of which was that every bird was killed, that is, 47 single and double annihilated in 36 shots—25 single shots at single birds (all killed,) and 11 single shots at double birds (all killed also.) This shooting extraordinary gave abundance of confidence to back the gun at the great match.

THE GREAT MATCH!

Tuesday, July 28, being the appointed day for shooting, a pretty selected spot was chosen, and the match decided to come off at Thomas Rudderforth's, Woodlawn Hotel, on the Bloomingdale Road. A large number of spectators were present, and eagerly looking for the novelty to commence, which it did at 2½ P.M., when Mr. W. King made his appearance, with gun, &c., ready for the first shot. He commenced at single birds, pulling his own trap, and killing 42 in bounds out of 50, (some falling out of bounds did not score.) Next came the double birds, which, no sooner was the trap pulled, than they were as dead as "barn door nails," just as they were on the rise, and not much time for that.

We submit a summary, and, with others, consider this a remarkable feat accomplished in the gun line.

SCORE.

50 *Single Birds, Single Shots.*

01111111110101111111111110011111111101111101011111—42 out of 50.

25 *Double Birds at 25 Single Shots.*

11 10 00 11 11 11 10 10 11 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 11 01 01 M 10 10 10 10 11—37; making 79 killed in 75 shots.

THE GREAT CRICKET MATCH.

CANADA VS. UNITED STATES.

This great match is definitely settled to take place on Wednesday, 19th inst., at Toronto, C. W. Our readers will remember that the latter, on the last occasion, gained an overwhelming victory, with 10 wickets to spare. However, the battle will be fought on the Canadian's own ground this time, hence it is probable that their team will be much strengthened. They have been and are playing a series of matches for the purpose of finding out the talent of the country, the same as the players of the States have done, so we may expect that it will be the best and finest display of cricket ever known on this side of the Atlantic. Excitement is at the highest pitch throughout the length and breadth of the land in the States as well as Canada. The lists of players, which we publish below, will fully prove that the struggle will be no one-sided affair, and that each side will be most ably represented. As it is probable that a large amount of money will be wagered on the result, we have concluded in giving the names of our own players, to also give our readers some idea of their qualifications. Of the Canadians, not being sufficiently posted as to their merits, we shall publish their names merely, with this passing remark, that those who know and have seen them play, pronounce them as being immensely strong, their bowling being of a very superior order. The United States players will be selected from the following thirteen names: From the New York Club, Messrs. Sharp, an excellent field and steady bat; Higham, a superior bat, first class wicket-keeper, and a good general. Crossley, a good bowler, and excels in batting; Wilby, a very fine bat, and beautiful field; Barker, a fine bowler, a good field, and pretty bat. From the St. George, Lang, a very strong bat, a good wicket-keeper, and a very useful field; S. Wright, has a very safe defence, is a good change bowler, and is at home at any post in the field. From Albany, Comery, a good general cricketer, and withal an excellent bowler. From Cleveland, Bury, has also a very safe defence, and works well in the field. From Philadelphia, Barlow, an excellent long-stop, and beautiful bat; Senior, also a beautiful bat, a good field, and very good and fast bowler. From this list is the little army to be chosen to represent us in the Canadian campaign. The Canadian players are named as follows: Messrs. Bradbury, Dexter, Heward, Phillips, Phillips, Head, Hoare, Parsons, Pickering, Sutton, and Hardinge. We should hardly like to venture an opinion as to the success or non-success of either party, as both sides will contain all the available talent, and there is no doubt but the match will be most severely contested, and every lover of the game who shall feel disposed to be present will be amply repaid by the good cricket that will be exhibited.

Billiard Match.—An interesting match game of Billiards took place at Hartford, Ct., on Friday evening, July 31st, between the well known "Barney Crystal," from New York, and an ordinary player from Springfield, by the name of Leland. The match was for $100 a side—the best six games out of eleven—Crystal to discount and give 15 points to Leland on each game. The first two games were easily won by Mr. Leland, when Barney, thinking it time to "spread himself," commenced playing in a manner that astonished and amazed every gentleman present. He won the next five games with perfect ease, displaying more grace and skill than was ever before exhibited in New England. The two succeeding games were won by Leland, when, on the 10th game, Barney, without a struggle, run 78 with the two red balls, winning the match. Mr. Crystal's style of playing elicited much applause. His superiority and excellence as a Billiard player was unanimously decided upon, amid the most intense enthusiasm, as the match was announced in his favor.

☞ Correspondents whose favors remain unnoticed this week, will please have patience until our next issue. In order to print the immense edition of the Clipper ordered this week, we were compelled to go to press somewhat earlier than usual.

☞ An article on the recent Quoit Matches between New York and Brooklyn is deferred until next week.

CRICKET.

MATCHES TO COME.

AUG. —1st Eleven of New York vs. Sixteen of Newark, (return) at Newark. (Postponed.)
10.—Amsterdam vs. Albany, at Amsterdam, barring 7 of the latter.
15.—2d Eleven of New York vs. 2d Eleven of Newark, (return) at Hoboken.
15.—Brooklyn vs. New Brighton, (return) at Bedford, L. I.
15.—St. George, of Cleveland, vs. Chicago, at Cleveland.
19.—United States vs. Canada, at Toronto, C. W.
24.—Excelsior, of Albany, vs. 3d eleven of the Albany, at Greenbush.
25.—Brooklyn vs. Long Island, at Bedford.
—.—2d eleven of New York vs. 2d eleven of St. George, at Hoboken.
—.—2d eleven of New York vs. Long Island.
SEPT. 9.—New York vs. St. George, (return) at Hoboken.
16.—St. George vs. Newark, (return) at Hoboken.
23.—New York vs. Sixteen of Albany, at Hoboken.
23.—St. George 2d Eleven vs. Bridgeport, (return) at Bridgeport.
—.—Brooklyn vs. Manhattan, (return) at Hoboken.
—.—Brooklyn vs. Kings County, at Bedford.
—.—Long Island vs. Mechanics, of Newark, (return) at Newark.
—.—Albany vs. Utica, Syracuse, and Rochester, at Albany.
—.—Star and Thistle vs. Boston, (return) on Boston Common.
—.—Star and Thistle vs. Lawrence Unitea Eleven.
—.—Amsterdam vs. Albany, (return) at Albany.

STAR AND THISTLE VS. TAUNTON.—In a well contested match played at Taunton, on Thursday, 30th ult., the former gained the victory by eleven runs, at which they were highly elated, the ball being the first they have ever won. They have fought at up-hill work for some time; hence it affords us much pleasure to chronicle their success of which they were so deserving. We cannot proceed to give the score without making especial mention of the bowling of Messrs. Brown, Garrett, Murphy, Swithenbank and Ruddock, of the Star and Thistle, and Burgess, Woolhouse and Crighton, of the Taunton. Brown bowled admirably, taking two wickets in four overs in the first innings, and eight in the second. This feat, we imagine, can hardly be excelled by an old practitioner, and is really wonderful for a player of one year's standing. T. Burgess' score of 23, stands at the top of the heap, in batting, for which he deserves much credit, as they were all well played for. The match was enjoyed exceedingly, the weather being very suitable indeed for playing the game. The following is the score:

STAR AND THISTLE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Reid c Hall b T. Burgess	3	b T. Burgess	2
2..Perry c Tetlow b Woolhouse	0	run out	2
3..Lumb b T. Burgess	0	b T. Burgess	7
4..Garrett b T. Burgess	0	c T. Burgess b N. Crighton	19
5..Ruddock b T. Burgess	4	b N. Crighton	6
6..Swithenbank b Woolhouse.	9	c and b T. Burgess	0
7..Brown b T. Burgess	0	b N. Crighton	2
8..Kilner b T. Burgess	0	not out	4
9..Murphy b T. Burgess	3	b N. Crighton	11
10..Colter not out	3	b N. Crighton	0
11..Mercer b Woolhouse	12	b N. Crighton	6
Wide 1, no balls 2	3	Byes 2, wide 1	3
Total	37	Total	56

TAUNTON.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Mott c Mercer b Swithenbank	0	b Brown	0
2..W. Crighton b Murphy	0	b Brown	0
3..Wolfenden c Garret b Swithenbank	4	b Brown	1
4..T. Burgess not out	23	b Brown	11
5..Hill c Reid b Swithenbank.	0	not out	2
6..N. Crighton b Brown	2	b Brown	2
7..W. Burgess b Swithenbank	2	b Brown	2
8..Woolhouse c Mercer b Brown	1	b Brown	10
9..Turner b Brown	0	c Reid b Brown	3
10..Dickens c Reid b Ruddock.	0	run out	0
11..Tetler b Ruddock	0	c Swithenbank b Garrett	0
Byes 4, leg bye 1, wides 13	18	Bye 1	1
Total	50	Total	32

RECAPITULATION.

Star and Thistle, first innings, 37; second innings, 56 93
Taunton do 50; do 32 82
In favor of Star and Thistle 11

CRICKET IN CLEVELAND.—A well contested match took place in that city on the 28th ult., between the two clubs, St. George, Senr. (second eleven,) and St. George, Junr., the latter coming off conquerors by four wickets. The gentlemen of the Senior club were not up to the mark in fielding, to which may be attributed the loss of the match. Mawson at mid-wicket did good service by stopping some good 3 hits, and Stokes at point was quite at home, his batting was also of a superior order. Cooter, Sharples, and Speed also proved troublesome customers to get out. The fielding of the juniors was admitted by good judges to be very good. Rawson at leg made two excellant catches. Bauder at point, Justan at mid-wicket, and Sarvis at short slip, acquitted themselves admirably; this last named gentleman batted very prettily for 12 in his first innings, but finally gave a *chance* for a catch which was accepted by Stokes at point. T. Mead's double figures 25 were exceedingly well scored, and was no doubt the chief cause of the decisive victory of his party. The Junior Club composed chiefly of youths is now in its second season, and they may well feel proud of the result of this, their first match. The gentlemen composing the 2nd eleven of the Senior Club intend redeeming themselves in the return match, feeling pretty certain that they can reverse the result on that occasion. Subjoined is the score:

ST. GEORGE, SR.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Pilkington c Bauder b Knowlton	0	c Bauder b Sarvis	5
2..Sharples b Sarvis	6	c Rawson b Bauder	10
3..Andrews b Sarvis	5	c Bauder b Knowlton	2
4..Cooter run out	0	run out	6
5..Speed c T. Meads	0	b Knowlton	3
6..Earley b Sarvis	5	not out	0
7..Yates b Sarvis	0	c Bauder b Sarvis	3
8..Mawson run out	0	b Knowlton	0
9..B. Stokes c Justan b Sarvis	4	c Rawson b Sarvis	18
10..Kimberly run out	0	run out	1
11..McNally not out	0	Vincent c Bauder b Knowlton	5
Byes	3	Byes	10
Total	28	Total	63

ST. GEORGE, JR.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..T. Meads run out	0	not out	25
2..Rawson b Sharples	0	c and b Cooter	1
3..Sarvis c and b B Stokes	12	c Speed b Cooter	6
4..Knowlton b Speed	9	b Speed	1
5..Bauder c Stokes b Speed	7	b Speed	2
6..H. Meads run out	0	not out	4
7..Bersch b B. Stokes	2	c Speed b Cooter	0
8..Justan c Stokes b Sharples	2		
9..Denham c Andrews b Sharples	5		
10..Cheney run out	2		
11..Cahill not out	4	run out	0
Wides 4, byes 3	7		
Total	50	Total	39

BROOKLYN VS LONG ISLAND.—The third match between the Second Elevens of these Clubs was played at Bedford, on Wednesday, July 29th, the result being the success of the latter Club, they having three wickets to fall when game was called. The match was played on the ground of the Long Island Club, the other ground not being in condition, owing to the previous heavy rains. It is much to be regretted that some arrangement had not been made early in the season, whereby all these Clubs could have played on one ground. It would have been far less expensive to each Club, and all would then have had a good ground, whereas neither have now. It is to be hoped that no such narrow-minded policy will rule next season. The match was an exceedingly pleasant one to all parties, and the result, although not expected, not one to be regretted, as it led to such *bon homie* on all sides. The batting, bowling, and fielding were pretty good on both sides, the bowling of Walker being the most effective. There was some very loose fielding in the second innings of the Brooklyn Club, occasioned by there being too many captains in the field. By way of advice, we would remark, that it is worse than useless to censure a man for bad fielding, as for his own credit's sake he tries to do his best. The censorship, also, that is usually established outside the field is a great drawback to young players, as it generally confuses them. A. Robb, and Giddens, made the highest scores on the L. I. side, and McIntosh, and Aylmer, on the part of the Brooklyn Club, the latter went in first and carried his bat out, in the first innings. He blocks a ball well, but should learn to hit, or his scores will never be large. Another trial should be made between these Elevens before the season is over. The following is the score:

BROOKLYN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Aylmer not out	14	b Walker	3
2..Garrison run out	8	b Walker	7
3..Mack b Walker	0	b Hollily	6
4..Walden b Hollily	3	run out	3
5..McIntosh b Walker	6	not out	13
6..Kean b Walker	0	b Hollily	0
7..Floyd c Thornton b Walker	5	b Walker	0
8..Douglas l. b. w. b Walker.	1	leg before wicket b Walker	1
9..Hill c Hollily b Walker	6	c Curry b Hollily	1
10..Walton absent	0	b Walker	0
11..Phillip absent	0	b Walker	0
Byes 6, wide 1, no ball 1	8	Byes	2
Total	51	Total	36

LONG ISLAND.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Curry b Mack	6	b Mack	0
2..R. Robb run out	0	c Aylmer b McIntosh	1
3..Jones b Walden	0	run out	10
4..Giddens b Mack	9	b Mack	6
5..Walker c Floyd b Walden.	0	b McIntosh	0
6..Shields c Walton b Mack.	11	c Aylmer b Mack	0
7..Hollily c Walton b Mack	9	not out	2
8..Eastmead b Walden	1		
9..Thornton c Aylmer b Walden	2	not out	3
10..A. Robb not out	4	c Walden b McIntosh	11
11..Leeds b Walden	0		
Byes 4, leg byes 2	6	Byes 5, leg byes 2	7
Total	48	Total	40

CHICAGO VS. CLEVELAND.—The fraternity were informed through the CLIPPER a short time since that a match between the players of those two cities was in negotiation. We are pleased to be enabled to state that the arrangements have been consummated, and that the match will take place on Friday and Saturday, the 14th and 15th inst., when they hope to have the pleasure of an introduction with those gentlemen of New York, Philadelphia and other cities, who could make it convenient to pass that way *en route* for Canada. This has been gotten up to be played at this time in order that the gentlemen of Chicago may avail themselves of the opportunity of witnessing the great contest between the United States and Canada. It gives us much pleasure to observe the interest taken in this noble game by gentlemen of the West, and hope their trip will prove one of much pleasure. The gentlemen of the Eastern cities will no doubt try and make it convenient to be present at the Cleveland match, and will be pleased we are certain to take advantage of the reinforcement offered, to enable them to take Canada. With combination of such forces, victory would seem to be almost certain.

NOTICE.—We were in error last week in noticing the New York and Newark match, as the latter gentlemen had notified the former that they would like to postpone it, which was acceeded to, consequently the match will not take place on Wednesday next. The postponement we were not aware of until it was too late, as we had gone to press.

NEWARK VS. ST. GEORGE.—This match, which was played on Wednesday, 29th ult., was won by the former with 7 wickets to fall. The innings were, St. George 67 and 44; Newark, 66 and 46. The increased amount of other matter prevents our giving the particulars of this match and others until next week.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. S. B., Pittsfield, Mass.—This closes off all your contributions, the two remaining games being comparatively worthless on account of the inefficiency of your opponents. Now for a new batch.

PHI PSI, Davenport, Iowa.—We bid you heartily welcome; such letters *are* acceptable. By all means organize your club; you will, by so doing, speedily reap a reward of interest and progress that will quite astonish yourselves. The book of the "Era Problem Tournament" is out, at about $1.25, we suppose. The two books named are $1.25 each. The Chess Ed. CLIPPER is one of the Eds. of the Magazine named; $3.00 per an. Solutions correct.

Herr Anderssen cannot be pronounced *the* strongest player living, and the act of crowning him "chess-king" was simply a ridiculous farce, most ill-judged by his friends. Mr. Staunton, M. Petroff, and von H. der Lasa must be considered, at least, as his equals; and they have all of them, especially Mr. S., done more for the cause of chess than a legion like him. There is no player in this country at all equal to either of the four. No one, at present, can arrogate to himself the rank of our best. Staunton could doubtless give the ultimate victor in our coming tournament the odds of P and move. In this tournament no odds are to be given. For information respecting the English tournament of '51, we must refer you to the volume of its proceedings or "Staunton's Chess Tournament." We published in full, not very long since, the organization of the N. Y. Club, as a model for new clubs. In the question at play, you are correct, your opponent wrong. It would be useless to institute comparisons between the other players named, as several of them are dead, some were not cotemporaries, and every player will have his own opinion on such subjects. As to the feminine *nom de plume* we are nearly as much in the dark as yourself, but if it was a *nominis umbra*, the person you suspect was not the substance. It is always desirable to know (in editorial confidence) the names of our correspondents.

T. M. B., Penn Yan, N. Y.—All the assistance you can get from books, in such a case, is legitimate; no other.

BOSTON AND PHILAD'A.—Your match re-commences next week.

S. S. N., Philad'a.—Thanks for your last; the items "all and single" shall be done even just so.

CAMBRIDGE, Boston.—Double thanks for double favors, and triple thanks for the good news. An excellent plan, and we'll 'tend to it.

DE PREFONTAINE, Philad'a.—So then we "take the will for the deed," and look for more when it does come. Thank Mr. V—— on *our* behalf for remembering us. Wife says she should think we might be *ashamed!* but still persists in holding euchre to be an immense institution, especially when one has a nice—! little party to play with.

☞ ALONZO, by a Friend, desires the Black P on Q's 6th to be removed from his Problem No. 72.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 72.

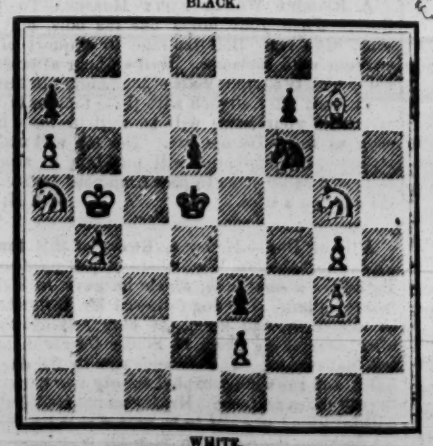
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..B to K 5 dis +	K to Kt 4	4..Kt to K 4 +	K to Kt 5
2..Q her B sq +	Kt × Q	5..R × P dis +	Kt × B, giving checkmate.
3..B K B 4 +	B × B		

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 72.

White.	Black.
1..P takes P	P moves
2..B Q sq	Anything
3..B or R mates.	

PROBLEM NO. 73.—BY E. S. BREWSTER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME NO. 73.

A lively and instructive little partie between our contributor E. S. Brewster and another amateur of Pittsfield, Mass.

BISHOP'S COUNTER GAMBIT.

Black, Amateur.	White, E. S. Brewster.	Black, Amateur.	White, E. S. Brewster.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	12..Kt to K 6 dis +	K to B 2
2..K B Q B 4	P K B 4	13..Q × Kt P +	K × Kt
3..P Q 3 a	K Kt B 3	14..B × B + d	Q Kt × B
4..Q K 2 b	K B Q B 4	15..Castles	K R Kt sq
5..P K R 3	P Q B 3	16..R K sq +	Q Kt K 4
6..K Kt B 3	P Q 4 c	17..Q × Q Kt P	Q R Q Kt sq
7..K P × P	B P × P	18..Q her R 6 + e	Q R Kt 3
8..B Q Kt 5 +	Q B Q 2	19..Q R 5	Q K Kt 3
9..Q × K P +	K B 2	20..R × Kt +	K × R
10..Kt Kt 5 +	K Kt 3	21..Q her B 3 +	K his 3
11..Q K Kt 3	Q K sq +	22..Q K sq +	Kt K 5, & wins

NOTES.

a Best; to accept this gambit is to give yourself bound to your enterprising adversary.

b This move is often formidable in defending a gambit, but, also, often proves dangerous. The "Handbuch" continues this form of the opening thus:

4..P to K B 4 (1)	P to Q 3	6..Castles	B P × P
5..K Kt B 3	K P × P	7..Q P × P, with the better game.	

(1) *Best.* If instead of this he play K Kt to B 3d, the Defence wins, thus:

4..K Kt to B 3 (2)	P to Q B 3 (3)	7..K to R sq	P to K R 3
5..Castles	Q her B 2	8..Kt K B 7	K R B sq
6..Kt his 5	K B Q B 4	9..P K B 4	P Q 3, & wins.

(2) Another strongly marked proof that this move will not defend a gambit.

(3) Our students will observe some interesting elements of "Philidor's Defence" in this opening, the Attack and Defence changing places almost from the outset.

c Overlooking or miscalculating the fiery attack to which he is now exposing himself. P to Q 3d, rather.

d We believe castling at once would have proved stronger.

e Most unfortunate, truly! Had he played Q to her B 7th, at this critical juncture, White must have suffered a defeat, for this game, at least. Suppose:—

18..Q to her B 7 — K Kt to Q 2 best
19..Q B 6 +, and if K to his 2d, Black at once wins both Kt's and a P, at least, for a R, and wins: if

19..	B interposes	21..Q to R 6	Q to Kt 3
20..P to Q 4	Q R B sq	22..P K Kt 3, and we do not see the move by which White is to avoid ruinous loss. Still the whole attack is reprehensible on principle, being a headlong rush with at best but doubtful and difficult results, and the whole Q's wing lying idle at home. We particularly compliment our contributor E. S. B. for the general accuracy of his openings, and the celerity with which he deploys his forces. Practice with strong players would soon make him a formidable opponent.	

PART SECOND.

[A fine game played some years since at Berlin, between Herren Von der Lasa and Bilguer.—*Chess Player's Chronicle.*]

BISHOP'S COUNTER GAMBIT.

White, Von Bilguer	Black, Von der Lasa.	White, Von Bilguer.	Black, Von der Lasa.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..P to Q 4	B × Q P d
2..B Q B 4	P K B 4	14..B P × B	Kt × Q P
3..B × K Kt	K R × B	15..Q home	P K 6
4..K P × P a	P Q 4	16..Q Kt his 3	Kt Q B 7 +
5..P K Kt 4 b	K B Q R 4	17..K B sq	Q R K B sq
6..Q K 2	Q Kt B 3	18..P K B 4	B K 5
7..P Q 3	P K Kt 3	19..Q K Kt 4 +	K Kt sq
8..B P × P	K R × P	20..K R his 2	B Q 6 +
9..P K Kt 5	Q B K B 4 c	21..Kt K 2	Q her Kt 5
10..P Q B 3	Q K 2	22..K Kt sq	Q K 8 +
11..P K R 4	Castles	23..K Kt 2	B × Kt, and
12..Q Kt Q 2	P K 5	White surrendered.	

NOTES.

a P to Q 4th, Staunton believes better at this point.

b In a beautiful game between der Lasa and Mayet (Jaenisch, p. 58) Herr M. here played Q (ch) thus:

5..Q to K R 5 +	P to K Kt 3	9..Q Kt to B 3	Q B to K 3
6..B P × P	K R × P	10..K Kt R 4	Q Kt Q 5
7..P K R 3	Q K B 3	11..Kt × K R	Kt × Q B P +
8..K Kt B 3	Q Kt B 3	12..K Q sq	R P × Kt, and

the Defence has recovered the apparently lost attack, and wins.

c Staunton would have played Kt to Q 5th, rather.

d This sacrifice is no less correctly than brilliantly conceived, and the whole termination is a splendid display of chess skill.

ENIGMA NO. 73.—BY THEO. M. BROWN.

WHITE.—K at Q Kt 4; Q at her Kt 7; R at K B 3; B at K R sq; Kt at Q 5; P's at K Kt 3, and Q Kt 6th.

BLACK.—K at his 5; Q at her B 8; R's at K R 5, and K B 4; B at Q B 5; Kt at Q B 6; P's at K R 4, and K 4th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND METELLUS.

White—X. Y. Z.		Black—Metellus.	
10..K B to Q Kt 5		Castles on K side	
11..Q to her B 2		Q B to K B 4	
12..K R to K sq			

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND EN PRISE.

Black—X. Y. Z.		White—En Prise.	
5..B takes B P +		K takes B	
6..K to K 5 +		K home	
7..Q takes Kt P		P to Q 3	

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

A CARD.

MEDFORD, MASS., July 26, 1857.

E. F. S. will be happy to play with MARCUS or ALONZO, or both, through the CLIPPER; either taking Black men and playing 11 to 15, or giving them choice of men and moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F.—Messrs. Bethel and Vanatta honored our city with a "flying visit" last week. We understand that Messrs. Bethel and Drysdale had a friendly little encounter, playing ten games, of which four were drawn, and, of the remaining six, each won three.

NEMO.—Let us hear from you. We publish a position from you this week.

A. G.—Friend A. G., please let us know your pleasure regarding your match games, at once.

EXPRESS.—All right.

MARTIN, H. L., ROUGH AND READY, CAROS, SIMPLE SANDY, DRYDALE'S PUPIL, CLUTTERBUCK, and a host of other delinquents, we wish to hear from you all. Do we ask in vain?

HARRY.—Accept both our ☞ ☞. The game appears—also the End-Game. Keep on, brother.

KNOW NOTHING.—"Hain't seen" that analysis yet.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 133.

NEW SERIES.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..17 to 14		12 to 16		8..19 to 12		26 to 31	
2.. 9	5	1	6	9..23	18	31	26
3..14	9	6	10	10..12	8	26	23
4.. 9	6	10	14	11..18	14	23	18
5.. 6	2	14	17	12.. 8	3	18	9
6..22	18	15	22	13.. 3	10	9	14
7..24	19	22	26	14.. 2	7 and wins.		

☞ We reserve the solution of Position No. 134, or the present.

"HIT WHOM IT WILL."

GAME NO. 70.

NEW SERIES.

BY HARRY, OF BUFFALO.

THE LAIRD AND LADY.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11 to 15		23 to 19		17..18 to 25		29 to 22	
2.. 8	11	22	17	18..26	31	32	28
3.. 9	13	17	14	19..31	24	28	19
4..10	17	21	14	20..11	15	19	16
5..15	18	26	23	21.. 8	11	30	26
6..13	17	19	15	22..21	25	12	8
7.. 4	8	23	19	23.. 3	19	10	3
8.. 6	9	24	20	24..19	24	3	7
9.. 2	6 a	28	24	25..25	30 e	7	16
10.. 9	13 b	15	10	26..30	25	22	17
11.. 6	15	19	10	27..15	18	16	19
12..12	16 c	31	26	28..18	27	19	28
13..17	21 d	26	23	29..27	31	26	23
14..13	17	24	19	30..25	22	17	13
15..17	22	19	12	31..22	18		
16..22	26	25	22	Drawn.			

NOTES BY HARRY.

a This move Anderson says loses, and shows six successive wins for White. If this move can be shown a draw, it is important to do so, as many beautiful draws can be shown in other ways than laid down.

b 17 to 21 would be a losing move in every way it could be played.

c 17 to 21 even LOW would fare the same as before.

d 17 to 22 is fully shown by Anderson to lose.

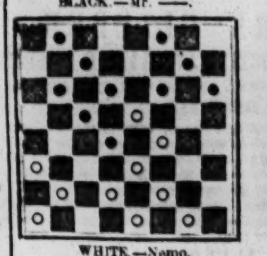
e Here Anderson errs. He supposes 24 to 27 the best move Blacks have, and makes them lose when they have a compulsory draw. I will take this occasion to say that I consider Anderson's book the most perfect of any ever published, and will remain so for a long time to come. I do not think over six errors can be found in the whole number of his games, of which there are nearly seven hundred.

POSITION NO. 135.

NEW SERIES.

End-Game. By Nemo. Dedicated to I. D. J. Sweet.

BLACK.—Mr. ——.



WHITE.—Nemo.

White to move and win.

POSITION NO. 136.

NEW SERIES.

End-Game between Mr. Fiske and "Harry."

BLACK.—Mr. Fiske.

WHITE.—"Harry."

White to play and win.

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN UNCLE SAM AND J. S., OF WINCHESTER.

NUMBER ONE.

White—J. S.		Black—Uncle Sam	
11..21	17	3	7

NUMBER TWO.

White—Uncle Sam.		Black—J. S.	
9..30	25	2	6
10..22	17		

BETWEEN B. OF BOSTON, AND THE UNKNOWN.

White—B of Boston.		Black—Unknown.	
5..22	15	16	20
6..24	19	4	8
7..19	16		

BETWEEN METELLUS AND A. F.

Black—Metellus.		White—A. F.	
3.. 8	11	29	25
4..12	16	25	22
5.. 4	8		

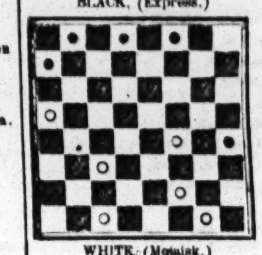
BETWEEN A. G. AND H. D

Black—H. D.		White—A. G.	
1..11	15	22	18
2..15	22		

MATCH GAME,

Between Mojaisk and Express.

BLACK, (Express.)



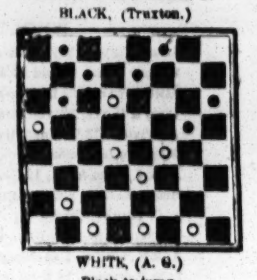
WHITE, (Mojaisk.)

White to move.

MATCH GAME,

Between Truxton and A. G.

BLACK, (Truxton.)



WHITE, (A. G.)

Black to jump.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FOOT RACE IN VIRGINIA.—Portsmouth, Va., July 30.—MR. QUEEN: A very interesting foot race took place here yesterday; the distance was five miles, for $10, and the combatants Eugene Dailey and Daniel Smith. It seems that Dailey has been a great favorite in Richmond, especially on a five mile race, which he had run over and over again in Richmond in 35 minutes without the least trouble; he is fifteen years old. Smith has run five miles in 33 minutes, but very closely pushed. But for the race: It was a great day for the boys of Portsmouth and Norfolk. They ran on the Norfolk Track, on Tuesday, the 28th. Dailey being a stranger in Portsmouth, and Smith being known as a fast one, the betting ran 3 to 2 and 7 to 5, but who was right we shall soon see. At a quarter to three they made their appearance, and started at three for the first mile. Smith taking the lead from the start, which he kept for the first two miles, Dailey being some five yards behind; he gradually closed on the third mile, and they kept side by side for a mile and a half, when Smith again took the lead by about two yards—3 to 1 on Smith, he being known as having good bottom; but the knowing ones were taken in, for, at the termination of the fourth mile, Dailey passed his opponent, and kept a lead of about two yards, till within a hundred yards of the winning stand, when Smith came to a stand still, being completely used up from the hard running of the last two miles. Dailey passed the stand amid the shouts of those who took the odds on him at 3 to 1. The race was won in 32½ minutes. We append the time of each mile: 1st, 7 min.; 2d, 6¼ min.; 3d, 6¼ min.; 4th, 6¼ min.; 5th, 6 min.; total, 32½ min. CONSTANT READER.

1000 MILES IN 1000 HOURS!—Mr. James Lambert, the English pedestrian, has commenced the weary task of walking 1000 miles in the same number of consecutive hours. Whether he will be successful or not, is a question to be decided by time. He has been through a course of long and arduous training, under the superintendance of Prof. Steward, at whose academy in Boston this great feat is taking place, and he has been brought to the scratch in fine condition, and his friends have great hope of a triumphant issue.

James Lambert is about 21 years of age, weighs 127½ pounds, and is 5 feet 5½ inches high: his frame is light, yet wiry and muscular; and, judging from his personal appearance, one would say that he has great chance of success.

He commenced walking at eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, July 28, in the presence of a large audience. His dress is a light silk shirt, plush knee breeches, light silk stockings, and heavy English shoes. The first mile of his task was walked in 10 min. 30 sec.; but it is supposed that he will average a mile in every 15 or 20 minutes. We will keep the reader posted in all that relates to this match.

CHALLENGE.—*Dear Sir:* Being present at the five mile foot-race which came off on the 16th of May, between James Lambert, the Yorkshire boy, and Wm. Hendley, and knowing that Hendley let him win on that occasion, and as he has been talking round how he could beat Hendley, I offer to back Hendley to run him a five mile foot-race over the Lawrence Track, in September next, for $50; said Lambert to receive a quarter of a mile the start, or, if not accepted, he will run the Lynn Buck five miles, if he, Buck, will give him 200 yards start. This challenge remains open for two weeks. Either of these pedestrians wishing to accept this, will please answer through the CLIPPER. WM. CUTHBERT.

Boston, Aug. 1.

FOOT RACE OF TEN MILES FOR $1000.—There was a ten mile foot race in Portland, on the 31st ult., between John Stetson, and John Munday, of St. John, N. B., for a purse of $1000. Stetson won handily. His adversary gave out on the ninth mile and was carried to the Judge's tent, completely exhausted. Stetson's time was:

First mile	6:38	Sixth mile	6:43
Second mile	6:28	Seventh mile	6:30
Third mile	6:29	Eighth mile	6:30
Fourth mile	6:40	Ninth mile	6:38
Fifth mile	6:34	Tenth mile	7:23
Time	1 hour 7 min. 6 sec.		

WHERE'S THE LYNN BUCK?—This pedestrain challenged Young Sport of New York, to run five miles; Sport accepted; but the Lynn Buck has not seen fit to send a forfeit as he asserted he would. Sport still holds the Champion Belt of New England.

THE FOOT RACE which came off on Monday, July 27, in Camden, N. J., between Jersey Mike and Bill Parker, for $25 a side, was won by Mike with ease.

ANOTHER FOOT RACE comes off on Monday, August 10, at Mount Ephriam, N. J., between Jersey Mike and John Fowl, for $50 a side; they are to run fifty yards. Look out for something very interesting.

SPORTS! SPORTS!
Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!

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FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 30 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1857.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE DISPUTED CRICKET QUESTION.

THE following, from T. Senior, of Philadelphia, in reference to this matter, although not an opinion, as he says, but merely a series of questions, gives us the opportunity in complying with his request to expound the law according to our own ideas. He writes—"I have carefully read your remarks on the disputed cricket question, as also those of your correspondents; and, without offering any opinion on the subject, should feel obliged if you will inform me in your next what is the signification of the words in the XXXVI Rule, 'each at his own wicket?' Which is each umpire's wicket, and what are the duties belonging to each? Decide this, and common sense will settle the matter in dispute." Rather a superficial and summary manner of settlement, we opine, and common sense seems to have fallen far short of its duty apparently, for the only way in which it has settled the matter, as far as we can see, is by getting us deeper in the mire. However, before we go any farther, let us first have the text as rendered, and then draw our deductions. Rule 36.—"The umpires are the sole judges of fair or unfair play; and all disputes shall be determined by them, each at his own wicket; but in case of a catch which the umpire at the wicket bowled from cannot see sufficiently to decide upon, he may apply to the other umpire, whose opinion shall be conclusive." This is the law, *verbatim*. Now, then, we contend that the bowler's umpire has charge of the play during the over that he is in that position; at the end of which they change their respective positions, the one going to the short leg, and the other taking the position the other one had just vacated; with this difference, that each one keeps at his own end, (the north or south wicket, whichever it may be, not changing ends as the wicket-keeper does,) or, in other words, "*each at his own wicket*," and while in this position the rule expressly states he shall decide all disputes. If the umpires changed over the same as the field, that is, one always standing bowler's, the other wicket-keeper's umpire, then perhaps a different construction might be put on it. Again, the law gives *the bowler's umpire*, mind you, not the wicket-keeper's, the privilege of appealing to his colleague in case of a catch which he cannot see, not any one else; and if he may do so in such a case, why may he not do so in any other similar occurrence? At any rate, we might infer this, for the law does not say catch *only;* the term catch, in our conception, being used merely in a general sense, as it would be impossible to enumerate all the cases that might occur in the catalogue of *not seen*. This seems also to bear us out in our opinion on the "each at his own wicket," for, if the opposite construction to our own be taken, the bowler's umpire would seldom have to decide on a catch, for they are generally given round about and behind the batting wicket; consequently the introduction of "cannot see" would be superfluous. There are points, however, tacitly given to the wicket-keeper's umpire to decide, such as *run out* and *stump out*, for the reason that it is pre-admitted that the bowler's umpire cannot see if the batsman is on his ground or not at the farther end; hence it would be unnecessary to appeal to him first, as it would put him to the trouble of making a second appeal. But for this custom, and for this reason, we should contend that the wicket-keeper's umpire had no business to decide anything whatever unless appealed to by the other. This mode of reasoning (erroneous it may be) brings the question to a focus, thus:—That the bowler's umpire is the proper one to be appealed to in all cases; that if he cannot see in any particular case, it is his duty to appeal to the other; that if he makes a mistake, no one has the right to explain it to him; that he has no right to alter his decision; and finally, that "each at his own end" means the bowler's umpire while so officiating, those two exceptions, *run out* and *stump out*, being contrary to the law as laid down in the book, yet still a law, from custom and general tacit admission, brought about by the unnecessary trouble given. The same might be advanced, perhaps, in case of hit wicket; still, cases occur where the bowler's umpire can see hit wicket as well as the other; consequently could not be used with as much force as in the other two instances. Out of courtesy to Mr. Senior we have gone thus far in endeavoring to explain the law, but we shall refrain from further comments on the matter, as the question has been left to the decision of a party three thousand miles off, and we prefer waiting for that decision. We should not have gone so far, perhaps, but for the impression it might give on the other side that we are all such noodles in this country that we don't know how to interpret plain English, an impression very likely to get afloat from the simple fact of so simple a question being sent there for arbitration. We will, therefore, wait patiently until the decision arrives, feeling certain, however, that it will be on our side, as, with the law before us, we cannot see how it can be otherwise.

ARABIAN HORSES IN KENTUCKY.

A NEW IMPORTATION—THEIR PEDIGREE AND TRAINING—COLOR—SIZE—POWER OF ENDURANCE.

From the St. Louis Republican, July 20.

IN our report of the proceedings of the celebration of the Fourth, at Lexington, Ky., we made a brief allusion to the Arabian horses imported by N. Keene Richards, Esq., of Georgetown, Ky. There are many of our readers whose interest in horses is such that they will read with pleasure some further statement about these Arabians.

Mr. Richards visited Morocco, passed through the interior of Algeria to Tunis, thence to Egypt, thence through Arabia Petrea and the Desert, east of Damascus, as far as Palmyra. On this, his first visit to the East, he selected two stallions, Mokhladt and Masseoud, and a gray mare, the first-mentioned bred by the Tarabine tribe, in Arabia Petrea, and the two latter by the Anayza tribe. He brought them home safely to Kentucky, and finding that his expectations concerning them were realized, he commenced making preparations for another trip to the East, determined to spare no trouble nor expense in procuring the best blood, as well as the finest formed horses in the Desert.

Mr. Layard has expressed the opinion that no Arab of the best blood has been brought to England. Mr. Richards knew this, and the great difficulty that has always been experienced in securing the best. After two years spent in investigation as to the best means of procuring the best blood of the Desert, he matured his plans and started again to the East, accompanied by Mr. Troye, an artist, who has furnished some admirable drawings of the horses bought—and by his cousin, Mr. Keene, with a Syrian, who attended him on his first journey, and knew much about the horses of the East. This Syrian suddenly died, and the party delayed seven months in Damascus, while Mr. Keene acquired the Arabic language, and informed himself as to the best way of getting to that tribe of Bedouins in Arabia possessing the type of horses they were seeking. They entered the Desert, and the result of their expedition was the purchase of a horse of superior form and blood from one of the Sheiks of the tribe, but afterwards exchanged by giving heavy boot for a better, called Sacklowle. Besides this, Mr. Richards obtained a colt, supposed to be the best young horse in the Anayza tribe; a gray colt, a mare, and two dromedaries. All of these horses were brought safely home, so that Mr. Richards has now on his farm, near Georgetown, five Arab stallions and three mares. His object is not to breed pure Arabians, but cross this Arab stock with Kentucky thorough-breeds. The three stallions to which Mr. Richards specially invites the attention of horse fanciers are Makbladi, Massoud, and Sacklovil. The first is a gray, 14 hands 1 inch high, a horse from the Tarabine tribe of Bedouins; the second is a chestnut, 15 hands high, bred by the Anayza Bedouins; the third is a mahogany bay, 15 hands, and bred by the Anayza tribe. The colts of the first and second took the prize last fall at Lexington in the ring of thorough-breds for one year.

The size of these horses may excite remark. Mr. Richards states that there are not fifty pure bred horses in the Desert over fifteen hands one inch high. Layard only saw one mare over fifteen hands high. Not one of the Arabs from whose loins sprung the English thorough breds was over fifteen hands. Yet the progeny of these horses are of good size, and able to pack heavy weights through four mile heats.

The Arab of the purest breed rarely attains a size greater than fifteen hands—their general height being from fourteen to fourteen and a half. We remember seeing the three fine Arabians presented to Martin Van Buren by the Imaum of Muscat—all three were under fifteen hands in height, probably not more than fourteen. They were undoubtedly very fine horses, but we regret extremely that we are unable to say that they have ever exercised the remotest influence on our racing stock. Whether our running stock is capable of further improvement by the Arabian, so far as regards speed, is difficult to say—it may have attained its utmost developement so far as that is concerned, and endurance also in individual instances—but be that as it may, it is morally certain that no Arabian horse of the present day can at all compete with such horses as Pryor, Lexington, Lecomte, and many other of our racing nags, in four mile heats. This fresh cross of the Arabian, however, may prove of great value in imparting more endurance and sounder limbs to our racing stock. It is notorious that, at the present day, while we possess some of the swiftest and most lasting horses in the world, we at the same time have hundreds so deficient in vigor and defective in other respects, as to be neither fit for racing nor any other purpose. Importations of purely bred Arabians would, no doubt, to a great extent rectify this evil, and give us sounder and more vigorous horses in many instances, with probably a slight loss of speed. But after all, and setting racing considerations aside, the judicious admixture of the pure and fresh Arabian blood with the common stock of the country, with our road and trotting horses, of all degrees of blood, would eventually prove of much greater value to the interest of the community than confining it exclusively to the contemplated improvement of the breed of racers. So far as the wants of the public are concerned, the road or trotting horse of half or three-quarters blood is the one most valued and sought for, is always saleable, and will bring a fair price under any circumstances, as he is suitable for all the useful purposes of life. If that celebrated Arabian, Grand Bashaw—probably the best and highest bred horse ever imported into the United States—had not been crossed on half and three-quarter-bred mares, Pennsylvania could not at the present day boast of having the finest breed of trotting horses in the world—no Andrew Jacksons, no Black Bashaws, no Saladins, no Lanterns, no Kemble Jacksons, &c., all of which are descendants of Grand Bashaw. We must admit, however, that in a few instances the descendants of Grand Bashaw have been again re-crossed on thorough-bred stock, as in the case of the colt Lightning, who is probably the best bred trotting stallion in America, being by Black Bashaw, out of a thorough-bred mare, sired by Monmouth Eclipse. He is thus a cross of the Bashaw and Messenger blood. With a view of giving our readers some idea of what the Arabian horse is at home, we give the following article as an illustration:

ALGIERS, Nov. 18th, 1856.

The races which came off here on the 27th, 28th and 29th of last month formed an extremely interesting exhibition. It was interesting in several points of view; it brought before us the government stud, composed of about twenty of the most beautiful animals eyes ever feasted on. It collected together from far and near innumerable Arab tribes, and it finally showed us all that is exciting in the desert mode of warfare.

In these races the government has one object in view—an improvement in the native breed of horses; and the encouragement in a handsome premium presented to the winners by the Governor's lady.

A little before 1 o'clock, the Governor-General, with a brilliant staff, arrived and took his place in the tribune, before which the Spahis were defiling to occupy a position on the extreme right. Soon after, 1800 Arab horsemen were seen moving majestically over the plain, with streaming banners, with barbarous dissonant music, and with crimson and white drapery falling in neglected folds about their gilded trappings; they too proceeded to the right.

At the appointed time the government stud appeared in the circle, and so glossy was each one of the charming troop we dared barely affirm that he was not covered with satin. They were led separately by two grooms, who having long red cords attached to the bridle of the one in their charge, they were enabled to keep at a distance from him, and thus leave to the spectators an unintercepted view of his elegant proportions, of which he in every instance seemed conscious and proud; it was indeed one of the most *recherche* affairs that has ever fallen under our notice.

We were in the Atlas mountains when the news reached us that the 27th had been fixed upon for the *courts*, and we wasted no time in returning to town. The weather was propitious, and as the hour drew nigh when the curtain was to be lifted on the more orderly portion of the drama, one might have fancied that he had gone back to the time of tournaments, for there was thronging the way all that was brilliant, and gorgeous, and fanciful, and even grotesque in costume, and all that was dashing, fearless, spirited and graceful in equestrianship; every nation appeared to be represented, both on foot and on horseback, and bright Moorish eyes flashed over the scene from every point in view.

The affair was to take place on a large plain about half a league from the city, bounded on one side by the Sheal hills, now whitened by Arab tents, and on the other by the sea. There a long, handsome, covered gallery had been erected and decorated with flags, with a large pavilion in the centre for the Governor-General and his family, his suite and invited guests; this became a particular point of attraction, not only on account of the distinguished person presiding and the beauty of many of the ladies, but the presence of a number of native chiefs and General Yusuf. We were to have been honored by an invitation to a seat here, but owing to the illness of our worthy consul we were forced to take an humbler though not less convenient position.

It may be well here to state that this stud is made up principally of horses brought from Arabia and Syria; and that one is the splendid creature, presented to Napoleon by the Pacha of Egypt, and is a descendent of Mahommed's celebrated mare. Most of these were procured in 1846, when it was discovered that the fine Arab breed was nearly extinct, owing to the wars that for many years had desolated the country, and to the ignorance, carelessness, and indifference to the subject, of a great portion of the native tribes.

After the exhibition of the "stud," a race came off between five European horses, which made the circuit twice, or 9750 feet. This excited more interest than the subsequent one, as there were engaged in it a fine animal belonging to General Yusuf, which had recently won at Blida, and another that had been the *vainqueur* in 1855; and there was some merriment intermixed with it, arising from the fact that the fleetest in the ring was named El Halouf, (in Arabic, the hog;) so that when he was in advance one head, the natives crying out, *el halouf! el halouf!* (the hog! the hog!) El Halouf, four years old, was the winner—making the two rounds in 4 min. 48 sec. Stakes 2000 francs, given by the Emperor.

The second course was also European. Seven horses were engaged, making the circuit only once, or 4,875 feet. It was won by the Arab, 3 years old, which ran the distance in 2 min. 3 sec.—stakes 1000 francs, given by the town of Algiers.

The subsequent rounds, including those of the two following days, were more attractive to the stranger, since they were, with one exception, made solely by the Arab. The first of these was the *Course des Aghas*, of which there were three divisions; the second, the *Course des Cavaliers de petites tentes*, in four divisions; the third, the course between the Aghas who had won; the fourth, between the winners of the *petites tentes*. In these trials, in the skill of the riders, in the speed of the favorite *jument*, or in the success of a personal friend, the natives must have felt the deepest interest, but we can say that of a hundred males in our vicinity, not one lost for a moment his native dignity; the females, however, were more excited, and many were the little feet we saw peeping out under ample trousers as their fair owners sprang up on the seats behind us.

The starting of the horses when the signal was given was like a flash of light; their stopping, still more astonishing; but the first could be easily accounted for, if one noticed that the riders' spurs consisted of a single spike, nearly six inches in length. When at the height of their speed, there was, as you can fancy, something in their appearance unique and artistic, though in repose it was the reverse. One young man, who won twice for his brother, the *Caid* of the subdivision of Medea, lay low on the horse's neck so as not to gather the wind, but his light, white *haick* was afloat behind him like a cloud; he made the distance in 1 min. 53 sec.

On the second day there were thirty-six different divisions of Arab tribes—*Courses des Caids et Chefs des tentes*. On the third day there were a grand review of the *goums*, the Arab *fantasias*, and a race in the fields between native and European horses. The distance of the last course was 6¼ miles,—the stakes 2,000 francs—the winner, the Caid of Medea, mentioned above, and the time 12 min. 35 sec. The second prize was also awarded to a mare of Medea, making three prizes carried off by the Arabs of that mountaneous district.

A RECEIPT WORTH FIFTY HORSES.—TO CURE THE BOTS.—When your horse has the bots, first give him some sage tea. Boil the sage in a quart of milk, and sweeten with molasses. Half an hour after drench your horse with two ounce vials of laudanum; in three quarters of an hour after, drench with three fourths of a pound of salts, and your horse will be well in three hours, or as soon as the salts operate. The tea will make the bots let loose, the laudanum will put him to sleep, and the salts will cause them to pass from your horse. I warrant the cure on a trial. JAS. H. FOSTER.

A FAST DOG.—Henry A. Ewers, of this town, left on Friday for Astalan, Wis., where he had purchased a farm. He owned a small dog, which he gave to Henry Briggs before he left. The dog followed Mr. Ewers to the depot in this town, and upon the cars leaving, followed on after, overtaking them at South Deerfield, before they left that station. The distance run by the dog was eight miles, and the time occupied twenty two minutes, or over twenty miles an hour. Mr. Ewers concluded that such a faithful friend was not to be parted with lightly, and took the dog into the cars with him for Wisconsin.—*Greenfield Gazette.*

THE LAW AS REGARDS PRIZE FIGHTING.

SEVERAL months since, a series of articles were published in *Bell's Life in London*, on the law of the land as regards prize fighting. These articles were written by F. F. Brandt, a celebrated lawyer of London. From the reputation of this gentleman, those articles have been closely examined, and severely criticised by several of the leading journals of Great Britain, and the subject has become one of considerable discussion. The most lengthy criticism that has yet engaged public attention, is that which appeared in the *London Field*, on the 27th of June, and although it is rather severe in its strictures, we give it entire. We have no wish to be one-sided in matters of this kind ourselves, and know full well that our readers are always anxious to hear both sides of a question, no matter if one should hit rather hard. However, in giving this review of the *Field* on Mr. Brandt's work on the law as regards prize fighting, we do so with the understanding that in our next we shall give a reply thereto by the Honorable Grantly F. Berkely, *a justice of the peace* in England, and a thorough-going sportsman, in the general acceptation of the term:

PRIZE FIGHTING.

"HABET:" A SHORT TREATISE ON THE LAW OF THE LAND AS IT AFFECTS PUGILISM. By Francis Frederick Brandt, of the Inner Temple, Barrister at-law. London: Robert Hardwicke. 1857.

In one of those qualities which is said to be desirable in a prize-fighter, Mr. Brandt, of the Inner Temple, is clearly not deficient. He must have plenty of that kind of courage which is familiarly termed—Pluck. There is a dogged determination in his way of sticking to his point, somewhat suggestive of the spirit with which the Chelsea Pet or the Battersea Slogger receives a tremendous amount of punishment before throwing up the sponge in token of defeat. We have no sort of expectation that, if all the legal authorities in the country were to pronounce against the eccentric view which he has taken of the law of the land, this advocate for the good old English custom of prize-fighting would be disposed to concede a point without having a few more rounds for it. Mr. Brandt's belief is, that prize-fighting is not only an admirable and thoroughly English custom, but that it is a perfectly legal one, and that, consequently, the police and county magistrates, who interfere to prevent the celebration of these Olympic sports, are guilty of a gross interference with the liberty of the British subject. A prize-fight (contends Mr. Brandt) is not a breach of the peace; it is simply a competition of scientific skill between two persons who bear no ill-will towards each other. Still less is it an assembly of persons "riotously and routously disposed;" on the contrary, it is a gathering of decent and respectable individuals, who are brought together by the pure admiration of manly athletic sports. This is the scope of Mr. Brandt's high argument; and we have no doubt that it will cause some little astonishment, not only in the minds of his brethren "learned in the law," but even among that very class of persons which he seems to have taken under his especial patronage.

Hitherto, the defenders of prize-fighting have occupied quite different ground. Once upon a time, Mr. Wyndham (who ought to have known better) made a very foolish speech, to the effect that pugilism is to be commended and encouraged, because it is better than the use of the stiletto of the assassin. But it will be observed that the argument (if indeed it is worth calling an argument) is based upon the assumption that either bruising or sticking is necessary to the well-being of Englishmen—which we are not at all disposed to concede. Of course we admit that fighting with fists is better than stabbing with a knife; just as beating your wife is better than poisoning her, or a desperate assault is preferable to wilful murder. But we are not inclined to encourage either wife-beating or mayhem on that account. We do not believe that the encouragement of boxing has any effect, preventive or otherwise, over the use of the knife. Although it is usual to assume very coolly that assassination is confined to foreign countries, it is a lamentable fact that the use of the knife is, and has always been, practised in this country to a very serious and a very general extent. The calendars of our criminal courts and the returns of our gaols prove this; but the crime of stabbing is almost invariably committed in the heat of the moment, frequently under the influence of drink, and scarcely ever with premeditation. When persons fight under such circumstances, they are not apt to reason very closely, and the first weapon that comes handy, whether a broom-handle, a chair, a poker, a glass bottle, or a carving-knife, is snatched up as it happens to be convenient. If they do reason at all, it is generally for the purpose of equalising the chances of the contest. For persons to be fairly matched in fistic conflict, they must be equally balanced in age, weight, strength, and skill; and as that just condition is seldom fulfilled when men fall into a sudden quarrel, the disputant who has the natural disadvantage is apt to seek a more equable adjustment by the aid of some lethal weapon. This feeling is, indeed, recognized to some extent in what is called the Court of Honor. When cultivated gentlemen quarrel, it is not usual for a great strong broad-shouldered fellow to batter the face and body of a little fellow not half his weight; but they proceed with the greatest deliberation to invite each other to a conference in the cool of the morning, and then in the quietest manner possible to shoot at each other with pistols or to run small-swords into one another's vitals, when it is obvious that the size and strength of the larger combatant is, if anything, somewhat to his disadvantage.

Besides that, it must be recollected that the actual practice of boxing is confined to a very limited number of persons. A scrambling, unscientific appeal to fists is frequently the result of a drunken squabble; but those occasions are few indeed upon which skilful boxing is ever called into requisition. Young gentlemen at Universities are wont to employ Mr. Sambo Sutton and other worthies of the same class to come to their rooms and "put on the gloves" with them. Their plea for such an association is, that it is well to know how to lick a cad or a bargee if he chaff you; or that it is the right thing, you know, to be able to defend a woman if she's insulted in the streets. Well, so it is; and, without inquiring too curiously whether that laudable knight-errantry does really lie at the root of all this sloggish, and nose-blooding, and blackening of eyes—and without doing more than just surmise that the pipe-smoking, and the beer-drinking, and other usual concomitants of those athletic exercises, have perhaps contributed a little towards making it a fashionable mode of idling away a few of the bright hours of youth—let us admit that it may be very well to encourage Mr. Sutton and his brother professors to continue to instruct our young fellows in the art of using their fists. But that does not render prize-fighting in any way necessary. Because M. Guillemand and Mr. Harrison continue to instruct gentlemen in the graceful art of fencing, it is not found necessary that those professors should meet publicly with unbated foils, and inflict wounds upon each other in proof of their respective skill. Doubtless we shall be answered that the cases are widely different, and that rapiers take away human life, but fisticuffs do not. Indeed! Was never a man killed in the prize-ring yet? Has it not happened once, twice, twenty times, that one or other of the combatants has been carried from the roped ring a battered and disfigured mass, and has breathed out his miserable life from the mortal effects of the injuries which he has received *for sport*—God's image hurried into the presence of its Maker in a terribly disfigured state? Why, we all know that it has been so; and what wonder, when, by the laws of fighting, it is held to be fair for a man to beat his antagonist about the ribs and chest (just where the heart and the liver and the lungs are performing their vital

functions beneath) with blows each one of which would fell an ox?

Have any of our readers attended one of those "manly" affairs called prize-fights—that institution so necessary to the safety and well-being of the country? Some have doubtless gone once in their lives from curiosity; but we cannot believe that any man of good taste or refined feelings could witness such a brutal exhibition twice. This is something like the manner of it. You either go or send to one of the "sporting cribs" or "flash kens" about town on the night previous to the fight, in order to gain information as to the place where the premeditated breach of the peace is to take place. If you go yourself, you have an excellent opportunity of studying the prize-fighting class in all its glory. And truly the study is an interesting one, if disgusting; for the prize-fighter is essentially a species apart. Whatever may be the rights of that ethnological controversy about the negro, there is no doubt at all that the prize-fighter is a distinct and separate order of the genus Homo. Some few men we have seen who have the marks and appearance of ordinary mortals, and who have nevertheless belonged to the ring; but they are exceptions to the rule—mere results of one of those extraordinary freaks of whimsicality by which Dame Nature loves to prove her title to the sex which has been assigned to her. Observe the prize-fighter, as he sits in the parlor of his favorite haunt, and say whether you could by any possibility mistake him for a philosopher, or a divine, or for anything but what he is. Look at him as he smokes his pipe and drinks his beer (for he is out of training,) and decide whether that square-cut head, bull-neck, broad-shoulders, strongly-developed muscles, low forehead, powerful jaw, straight hair, and small piggish eyes, are not marks as distinguishing as the wool of the negro, or the tawny olive of the red skin. Of what exact system of breeding in-and-in this is the result—how many generations of decivilized mortals must exist before the perfect prize-fighter can be produced—we cannot positively affirm. These are mysteries which we leave to the next ethnologist who writes a book upon the races of man. Nor can we explain how the blood of the bull-dog came into the breed. There it is; but how it came there we know not. We should very much like to know whether the althletes and gladiators of old were like unto these, and whether the breed has descended in its purity down to our day. Commodore Perry, who commanded the American expedition to Japan, describes a creature which must very closely resemble the British prize-fighter; a sort of athletic animal, resembling the human species, which was kept by the Japanese, to fight and wrestle for their amusement. Now it may so be that at the time when the Roman Catholics were expelled from Japan, three centuries ago, they brought with them a specimen of this animal, and turned it loose upon the English shore. This, however, is a mere conjecture, which the ethnologist above alluded to is at liberty to make use of as he thinks fit. For the present, as our only business with the prize fighter is to determine the exact nature of his relationship with English society, we need only consider this distinctness of species with reference to the employment of him in some other way as soon as that which appears to be his natural function, prize-fighting, is abolished. And this is a puzzle to us. With the exception of his being a prize-fighter, we have nothing to say against him. 'Tis true that he hath a forehead "villanous low," and that there is not a single idea behind it which is not connected with beer, tobacco, fighting, training, rat-catching, and other congenial amusements. But there is nothing positively bad or vicious about the poor fellow. Generally speaking, he is honest enough, and nowadays not even his old sin of "selling his fights" is often laid at his door. Then he is brave—there is no doubt about that: a sort of dogged courage, or fortitude to meet and bear with pain, is perhaps a more accurate definition of the virtue; not the sort of courage to die at the stake for a principle, or to go to the North Pole for the sake of humanity or duty, but courage for all that. For the most part, too, he is magnanimous in his strength, and scorns to use his power over the weak and unskilled. There are traits told of some of these fellows that would be worthy of Achilles or Epaminondas.

There was one great hero of the ring, a very milo in his way, who gave a small tailor in charge *for assaulting him in the streets.* There was another (a very great man too, and they called him Deaf Burke) who, when an inebriated young puppy struck him in the face, did nothing more than remove his pipe from his mouth, and, with an air of sternness tempered with compassion, say, "young man, if you does that again you'll offend me." On the other hand, however, we have known of prize fighters who have not shown the same forbearing magnanimity, but have disgraced themselves by acts of the most atrocious cruelty. Ourselves saw a fellow (now a prosperous publican) beat a poor wretch about the head in so foul and cruel a manner, and that for no worse offence than begging at the front of his bar, until his very admirers cried "Shame" upon him, and no one would have thought it an unmerited fate if he had been straightway pistolled like a mad dog. So that there are, it will be perceived, good and bad fellows among the prize fighters; but it is our belief that (using the word "good" in a limited sense) the preponderance is very much in favor of the former. Therefore we think it not improbable that when a social mission has been assigned to them, other than of fighting and beer-selling, it will be found possible to use their virtues and qualities in such a way as to make them serviceable members of society.

But, to return to the prize fight, the description of which has been interrupted by this long, but we trust not uninstructive excursus.

The locality in which the fight is to take place having been ascertained, you prepare for the day's sport by getting out of bed betimes, dressing in your worst clothes, and leaving every article of value behind you, with the exception of a sum of money just sufficient to defray your expenses. The necessity for this precaution is very suggestive of the class of persons in whose company the day's amusement is to be enjoyed. For prize fights are invariably attended by a crowd of the most lawless ruffians that exist upon the earth; and as for you, as you are, with forethought and deliberation, about to commit (with all due deference to Mr. Brandt be it said) a breach of the law, you can expect no protection from her ministers. You then proceed to the pier or railway station from whence the steamboat or special train engaged for the occasion is to start. There you have an opportunity of studying the companions of your journey. They may be divided into four classes: first, the prize fighters themselves, who are as we have described them, and whose object and endeavor it is to preserve as much order as possible, and to render the excursion as agreeable as may be to the more respectable portion of the travellers; secondly, the regular patrons of the ring, Corinthians of every grade, from the *blase* nobleman who seeks a momentary sensation from the spectacle which is about to be exhibited, to the wily gambler who cares not what pain is inflicted or what murder committed, so that he can only win his bets; thirdly, there are the curious and inexperienced novices, who have come, like yourself, for the first and only time; and fourthly, the cohort of wild, desperate, and lawless ruffians (called by abbreviation roughs) who form "the gallery" of this extraordinary audience. Woe be to the hapless traveller who, unfriended by the members of the Pugilistic Benevolent Association, falls into the hands of those unmitigated brutes; robbery, insult and violence are his mildest lot.

We will now presume that the journey has been performed and the ground taken possession of without any of those awkward interferences on the part of the police which sometimes disturb the harmony of the arrangements. The first thing done is the formation of a ring, twenty-four feet square, by driving eight stakes in the ground and connecting them with double lines of ropes. In the centre of the ring a mark is made, which is called "the scratch," and at two opposite corners spaces are set apart for the seconds and bottle-holders of the combatants, and for the men to retire to during the intervals between rounds. Outside the ring is a space of ten feet in width, which is kept vacant for the umpires and referee, and the persons engaged in keeping the ring inviolable, and in carrying water and other refreshments to the combatants. Outside this space is the outer ring, allotted to the patrons of the ring, who are willing to pay for reserved places; and outside that again (fit setting for the jewel) is the band of blackguards to which we have before had occasion to refer. These preliminaries are got over as speedily as possible, and the colors of the men having been tied to stakes on either side of the ring, the combatants themselves prepare for the encounter. The costume in which they fight is simple enough—drawers, stockings, and a pair of boots with spikes in the soles *not exceeding three-eights of an inch in length.* The body is bare to the waist. In this condition they advance to "the scratch," and the fight begins.

Those who have read in the columns of a contemporary a description of the brutal scene which follows must, doubtless, have some idea of what takes place. Disguised as the details are behind a technical slang which is peculiar to these events, it may nevertheless be gathered that the upshot of the whole matter is, that two men are set to beat and injure each other as much as possible, to batter and disfigure each other's faces, to inflict bruises and wounds until exhausted nature gives way, and one or other, or both, are carried away utterly beaten and reduced to helplessness. So much of a prize-fight all must know; but there are features in the matter which must be seen to be appreciated. No description can realise the painful and disgusting spectacle which the men present as the fight slowly drags on to its close; when, with heads swollen to about twice their natural size, and faces puffed and discolored by the suffusion of blood until they have lost all semblance to the human countenance; and eyes which, in spite of repeated lancings, are hidden from the view by great swellings of bruised flesh; and lips all cut and disfigured; and ears unnaturally enlarged, and looking like pendent flaps of liver from which blood drops constantly—when in this state they stagger up to the scratch in a state of stupified bewilderment, and with no very clear perception of what they are about beat wildly in the air, until a chance blow falls upon some place which has already been wounded sore, and in the extremity of his agany one poor wretch faints away, and the blood-stained sponge is thrown up in acknowledgment of defeat;—no one who has not witnessed that sickening sight can understand the full measure of brutality and crime which is represented by that one word "prize-fight." What a refined, and manly, and elevating spectacle! What a lesson for those of our youths, whom we hope to see grow up into Christian gentlemen! What a subject for a British statesman to dwell upon and admire! Why, what can come of such an exhibition but a loss of all refinement, a deadening of all the finer feelings of our nature? It teaches indifference to cruelty, it begets blood-thirstiness, or else it inspires disgust. If happily this latter result is brought about in the spectator's mind, he turns away from the savage and lawless throng, and vows in his secret soul never to countenance such a proceeding again, and always to use his best endeavors to bring about the abolition of this monstrous abuse, this blot and disgrace upon the civilisation.

And yet (strange as it may appear) this foul and loathsome practice is not only permitted but even encouraged by those whose duty it is to cause it to cease. Not only do prize fights take place in spite of the exertions of the police, but the most public and open countenance is given to what is a plain and evident offence against the law. Respectable railway companies let special trains to convey the rioters to the scene of action. Upon one occasion, which occurred within our knowledge, a regular train, containing the judges and the bar of a circuit, was shunted off upon a siding for the convenience and better speeding of a special train containing the actors and spectators of a prize fight. Nor is this the worst part of the case; there are even newspapers which advertise and advocate these things, and report the details of the crime in the manner most likely to render it popular among the vulgar and unthinking. Would this be tolerated if the offence were against any other part of the law, or if there were not an absurd idea in the minds of many that prize fighting is really an advantageous institution? Suppose for example, that robbery were to excite the same interest in the fashionable world which it seemed likely to do when Barrington, the pickpocket, was invited to Dublin Castle, and that a paper were to be started, called *The Thieves' Life in London*, announcing the occasions upon which great artists would operate, with an intimation that such information could be obtained at such and such a "boozing ken" or "cly-faker's haunt" as would enable the knowing ones to witness and enjoy the sport; and suppose that a special reporter were to be sent as a witness of the commission of the crime, to relate with what admirable dexterity Tom Filch extracted the fogle from a gentleman's pocket, and to eulogise the courage and dexterity with which Mr. John Shepherd effected the garotting of an ancient bloke—we imagine that if such a thing were to happen, Government would find it necessary to look a little closely into the matter, and to devise some scheme for obviating such a flagrant breach of public decency.

If, therefore, Mr. Brandt happens to be right, or if (as we firmly believe) he be not, what we should recommend is an Act of Parliament awarding some very severe punishment to the principals and seconds in a prize fight, and also a proportionately severe and disgraceful penalty upon those who aid and abet their proceedings *in any way whatever.*

These sort of articles are put forth periodically in England, and the fraternity rather like them, because they know that a knock down answer is sure to follow that will knock the whole thing to atoms. It is for the purpose of giving our friends on this side an idea of how they treat the critics, as they call them, on the other side, that we give the above wholesale tirade against the Prize Ring. Next week, a reply will be published from the pen of a justice of the peace.

WOULDN'T BE CAUGHT.—A few days since, Mr. C. C. Dresser, of Northampton, Mass., found some difficulty in catching his horse, when an old man, named Eddy, offered to show him how to catch his horse and break him of his bad tricks. Having driven the horse into a corner, the old man approached with a stick in each hand, when the horse kicked him in the stomach, killing him instantly.

CRAMP IN BATHING.—For the cure of the cramp when swimming, Dr. Franklin recommends a vigorous and violent shock to the part affected, by suddenly and forcibly stretching out the leg, which should be darted out of the water into the air, if possible.

BOAT RACE AMONG THE COLLEGIANS.—YALE REGATTA.—The annual regatta of the Yale Navy came off the afternoon of the 28th ult.. Three boats were entered for the racing prize, viz: the Neried and Wenona, six oared, and the Olympia, eight-oared. The distance rowed was a little over three miles, and the time was as follows:

Neried....22m. 51s. | Olympia....22m. 52s. | Wenona....23m. 16s.

An allowance of eleven seconds for each oar was made in favor of the six-oared boats; consequently, the Neried won the race by twenty-tree seconds.

SPORTS ABROAD.

From Late Foreign Papers Received at this Office.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

JULY 28.—Hatton and Baker—£65 a side, London.
AUG. 4.—Roberts and Welsh—£50 a side, Home Circuit.
4.—Brettle and Job Cobley—£100 a side, London.
4.—Warmager and Hendley—£10 a side, London.
18.—Malpas and Price—£25 a side, Midland Counties.
SEPT. 23.—Ben Caunt and Nat Langham—£200 a side, London.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

TOM SAYERS, BEN CAUNT, AND TOM PADDOCK.—We have received the following letter from Ben Caunt, in answer to the remarks in our last:—

"MR. EDITOR: I have read your article in last week's Bell, but it has not altered my opinion with regard to the course I have chosen to adopt. I am an old champion myself, and was born before the day in which it came to an Editor or anybody else's turn to say, 'I shall get or give a belt to be fought for by the best men in England.' If the best men in England are not much mistaken by me, at least, they will never suffer mere patronage to reward or disgrace them. I offer to fight Tom Sayers. In the old spirit of British boxing I have put down my money, and if the match continues, every farthing of mine shall be deposited at houses to be named in articles. I have known the day when I could have put down all the money at once. I refrained, and gave my neighbors a turn. I could put all the money down now without backers, but I think it a bad principle, and shall never do it. Let Tom Sayers draw up his articles, let him give me alternate deposits, and I will sign them, if they suit me.—Yours, &c.,

"BENJAMIN CAUNT.

"July 8, 1857."

Sayers has written to us to say he is agreeable to anything, rather than let the match go off. He is out of town, but if Caunt will draw articles and name his houses for deposits, forwarding the articles to Nat Langham's, he will sign them at once. He insists that more money shall be staked before Caunt's fight with Langham. With reference to the reply of Sayers to Tom Paddock's challenge, we have received the following letter from Alec Keene:—

"THREE TUNS, MOOR STREET,
"Soho, July 9, 1857.

"MR. EDITOR: I have very strictly observed the results of Tom Sayers' recent career, and certainly did not expect (taking into consideration many warm interviews between Sayers and Paddock on former occasions,) that the first-named gentleman would have been only too glad to accommodate Paddock with a 'merry meeting.' I cannot understand why Sayers *does not accept* Paddock's offer, for should Sayers be permitted, there is *just a possibility* of abortive matches being continually made, forfeits taken, ultimately the prescribed time for legitimate possession of the belt elapse, and then Sayers becomes its lawful possessor. Let it be distinctly understood, sir, that I do not say such *will* be the case; but matches like Caunt's (that personage being pre-occupied with Langham) must necessarily occupy needless time; and gentlemen connected with the P. R. have lately become so learned that it behoves me (as Paddock's deputy) to regard every move in the camp of the enemy with jealousy. I see no other person really capable to fight Paddock, therefore it will be useless for the opposite party to dissemble; *we must meet*, and I hope Sayers will think with me, that the sooner we conclude terms the more satisfactory to the public, as it is but just that Tom should be accepted after being so long an 'expectant.' I nearly omitted to mention that Sayers never meets Paddock without distributing a quantity of that chaff for which he is famous. We do not want this—we wish business; and I conclude by earnestly hoping your kind insertion of this will assist us.—Yours, &c.,

"ALEC KEENE."

It will thus be seen that Sayers has his work cut out.

FIGHT BETWEEN YOUNG M'NULTY AND PARKENSON.—These midland district men met on Monday near the Hay Mill Brook, three miles from Birmingham, to contend at catch weight, for £10 a side, but before they could get to work the authorities put in their appearance. A move was made and a spot found near the Old Custard House, at Yardley, when the necessary preliminaries were adjusted, and the men got to work. On stripping there was a great disparity in the size and look of the men, M'Nulty quite a youth to Parkenson. M'Nulty had the best of the fighting for the first half hour, getting first blood and knock down blow, and the betting, which commenced at evens, turned to 2 to 1 on Parkenson, who changed his tactics and made sad havoc on his young opponent's ribs, whilst Parkenson's phiz showed that Mac had not been idle; but as the fight proceeded it became evident that M'Nulty got weaker, and after contending for sixty minutes, in which fifty-six rounds were got through, M'Nulty's friends seeing he had no chance, it was said, intimated to Parkenson's seconds that they gave in. Parkenson, therefore, withdrew from the ring, considering he was the winner. M'Nulty's friends, now say they were ready to go on with the fight. The referee (G. Giles), states that Parkenson never appealed to him and that M'Nulty said he would fight on. He declares also that the friends of Parkenson broke in the ring and created disturbances, that both men left the ring without any decision being given, and that the men must therefore fight again.

MORRIS AND BROOKES.—In this match Dan Dismore and Alec Keene have, through their attorney, served us with notice not to part with their money—and they justify themselves in this course on the ground that the person we sent to Strood to make inquiries as to the fact of a telegraphic message having been sent is unworthy of belief. It will be recollected that we gave them until Wednesday to prove that the person implicated was not Morris's brother; but not only have they not brought forward any evidence, but Morris's brother has never once showed at our office. Of course they express their belief that he did not send the message, but beyond this they can say nothing, as they were not present at Strood. In deference to their wishes, and in consideration of the legal notice, we have withheld the stakes from Brookes for the present—and have set afoot an inquiry through private channels, more for the purpose of proving to them that we have no feeling in the matter, beyond our duty, than from any doubt as to the veracity of our *employe*, who was sent to Strood specially by us last week, and who, even if so inclined, would hardly invent such a specious story as that published in our last, which could at once be contradicted by the telegraphic officials. Dan Dismore and Keene both disclaim any dishonorable practice, but, as we said before, no accusation has been brought against them. We expected a reply to the inquiries we set on foot long before this, but it had not arrived when we went to press. It was proposed by Brookes on Friday to the backers of Morris, that the brothers of the latter should go to Strood and confront the officials, to see whether they could recognise him, and to this proposition Dan Dismore, just before we went to press, consented without hesitation. We have therefore made arrangements to send a gentleman totally unconnected with the P. R., to Strood, on Tuesday, to meet Morris and Dan Dismore, so that there is every chance of the matter being settled in a satisfactory manner. Of course, if Morris is recognised, the money will at once be handed to Brookes.

JACK GRANT, in reply to Mace's remarks last week, denies humbugging or pretending. Had not Mace left so early, satisfactory arrangements might have been made. And as regard hiding heads as pretended, Grant wishes Mace to understand that the public and the sporting world know that his style is anything but humbug, and all his actions either in match-making or in the Ring have been straightforward.

CAUNT AND LANGHAM.—The tenth deposit of £10 a side for this match was made on Wednesday night, at Ben Caunt's, in the presence of a crowd of admirers of fisticuffs.

DUBLIN BAY REGATTA.

THERE have been few matches sailed in this bay which have caused more excitement among yachtsmen than those for the Royal St. George's £60 Plate on the 30th of June, and the £100 Prize on Wednesday, the 1st of July. The Mosquito, the heroine of so many hard-sailed and well-won matches, came to the buoys in a condition fit to race for a man's life; her new mast, two feet longer than the former one, looked a startling stick indeed, but then her gaff was reduced proportionately, so that although she had more hoist, she had much less head to her mainsail; her canvas this year is beautiful, and with one or two trifling exceptions might be pronounced faultless. We think in her palmiest days she never was in finer or better racing order than she has been brought out by Mr. Groves this year. Rumor has long been busy with Will Fyfe's last clipper, the Oithona, and justly so, for a finer cutter never swam the ocean. *En passant*, I have heard many inquiries as to the meaning of the name she bears, and whence it was derived. It will be found in Ossian, and it signifies "The Virgin of the Waves." In these matches a question had to be solved, viz. Could an 80-ton cutter give her time to such a flying 50 as the Mosquito, or at still more disadvantage to such clippers as the Extravaganza, Cyclone, Stella, Flirt, Crusader, or Vigilant? This question has not yet been solved. The Oithona came to the buoys not in the condition, by any means, that we should liked to have seen—not from any fault of her owner, but by circumstances which he could not control. She met with very heavy weather on her passage down, and carried away her mainbalyard block, her bowsprit whiskers, and sundry others of her gear and rigging. These, coupled with the fact of her having a new master and a new crew, strange to Scotch vessels, and not prepared for racing, will explain what reasons there were for her not being prepared properly to take that position as an out-and-out clipper which we have little doubt she will. The Extravaganza was in faultless order, and is certainly wonderfully improved in every respect, and will win many cups for her owner yet; her sailing on Tuesday and Wednesday, and the manner in which she was handled, was the theme of universal admiration. We never saw any of Wanhill's boats hold a better wind; she did not head-reach near so fast, but at times she looked a point and a half to windward of Mosquito, and fully as close as the Oithona in the second day, and sometimes to windward of her. The Stella our readers well know was overmatched, and we think much of her speed is greatly interfered with by the manner in which her main rigging is set up, not with lanyards, but with screws directly connected with the channel plates. Now with wire rigging you must have some little play to ease your mast; hemp lanyards will do this, but we have little doubt that screws bind a sailing-vessel's rigging up too much. The Cyclone is another vessel in which a great and marked improvement is visible, and the manner in which she overhauled the Crusader and took fourth place in the last rounding of the Kish Light, during the match for the 100 sovereigns, was really beautiful. With the alterations which Mr. Patterson purposes making in her during the winter, she will be as dangerous an antagonist next year as one need wish to meet. Her owner deserves success; he is a warm and sterling supporter of the noble science of yacht sailing, and the faster the vessel that is opposed to him, the more desirous he is for a contest. The Crusader is a beautiful little vessel, and we foresee a long career of triumph for her; and, though last not least, we cannot omit noticing the hardy little Flirt, which, upon a day when most men would have preferred remaining at the anchorage, gallantly laid out in as heavy a sea as we ever witnessed in the month of June, alongside of vessels five times her tonnage. On the first day it blew a very fresh gale from E. by N. to E. N. E., with a nasty cross tide sea, such as would try a vessel more severely in hull, spars, and rigging. The Oithona took the lead from the flag-boat, and, as we said the week before last, power must always be served, and she certainly proved what a powerful, able cutter she is, for a nastier sea we have seldom sailed in. The Mosquito and Extravaganza were sailed with great and determined pluck; and at times, when their jibs were filled with a towering surge, we fully expected to see the bowsprits torn out of them. The Oithona lost several minutes in this race by going into Candlestick Bay, under Howth, to look for the flag-boat which should have been there, but which had carried away her mast, and was obliged to run for safety of herself and crew. The sternmost boats, seeing the Oithona coming out of this bay, of course stood on direct for Poolbeg flag-boat. On the second day the Mosquito came out, wary as a hawk; there was much less wind, but still a considerable chop of a sea; the wind, as on the previous day, right into the bay and across the tide, so that the vessels on the outer course to the Kish Light were close hauled, and contending with a nasty chopping rolling wave that made them stagger again. The Mosquito made a splendid start, going out of the harbor like a greased flash of lightning, the Extravaganza hard in her tracks, with the Vigilant, Cyclone, and Crusader. The Oithona got regularly hampered between two merchant brigs, which were allowed to come to anchor scarcely a half cable's length from the starting buoys. The wind blowing right into the harbor, she had to make two tacks between them before proper way could be got on her to clear either of them by half a tack, and she consequently hung very heavily before life could be got into her, the other vessels getting a clear five minutes' lead of her. She overhauled them one by one, but too late, the Extravaganza being the last she collared. She ran the Mosquito very fast to the Poolbeg, and to the harbor's mouth, but she had not then proper head or top canvas to contest a light wind struggle with such a vessel as the Mosquito, who moves down the wind a speck beneath a snow-white cloud. Yours, &c,

VANDERDECKEN.

WRESTLING.

BESCOMBE AND BICKELL.—Our readers will recollect that on Monday, the 29th of June, the match between these celebrated athletes, for £10 a side, commenced at Mr. Rooke's, Jolly Caulkers, Lower Deptford-road, Rotherhithe. The match was the best of three falls. Bickell having won the toss, chose the Devonshire style, namely, with shoes, and after playing very hard for 36 min., Bickell won the fall, throwing Bescombe with the left fore hip. They then commenced for the second fall in the Cornish style, and after playing three hours, time was called, neither having thrown, the articles naming that the play was to finish by eight o'clock. The referee then named Monday last for the finish, when they commenced again, and after playing for 1 h. 15 min., Bescombe won the fall, throwing Bickell with the right hip. They then tossed for the style of the third and final throw, which Bescombe won, choosing the Cornish style, i.e., without shoes, and after playing for 30 min., Bickell won the fall, Bescombe in attempting to knock over the knee, was thrown, thus terminating the match in favor of Bickell, having won two falls out of three.

"You see, grand-mamma, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base; and by applying the egg to the lips, and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents."

"Bless my soul!" cried the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make! Now, in my young days, we just made a hole in each end, and sucked."

AT a recent trial in Wisconsin, the subject of controversy was a demijohn of whisky, which was ordered to be brought into court. The defendant was tried, and so was the whisky; in other words, the whisky was drunk, and so was the jury.

THE RING.

OFFICIAL REPORT

OF THE

BIG BATTLE.

PROTRACTED CONTEST BETWEEN

DOMINICK BRADLEY AND S. S. RANKIN,

For $2000.

Fought on Point Abino, Canada, August 1st, 1857.

6000 Spectators in Attendance.

We admire a fair and manly hand to hand encounter in the prize ring, for in such a contest is true courage more requisite than in any other mode of warfare. Such contests call forth a spirit of manly intrepidity and darling, a display of activity, courage, strength, and presence of mind, which no beholder need be ashamed of witnessing, and which no encounter with deadly weapons can ever exhibit. Such a manly battle we witnessed on Saturday last, August 1st, in Canada, between Dominick Bradley and S. S. Rankin, both resident of Philadelphia.

Before entering minutely into the details of this fight, it may be interesting to our readers to learn something of the pugilistic antecedents of the principals in this affair, and of the events which ultimately led to the match under notice.

Dominick Bradley is a native of Ireland, but has resided in this country for a number of years. In height, he is about six feet, and his fighting weight is about 190 lbs. The first we hear of him as a pugilist, was in the winter of 1853, when he was matched to fight one Hugh Sloan, of Baltimore, for $300 a side. Bradley was then, as now, residing in the lower part of Philadelphia. The battle between Sloan and Bradley took place in Westchester Co., Pa., on the 1st of December, 1853, when, after a contest of twelve rounds, occupying twenty-one minutes, the superior strength of Bradley told the tale in the defeat of Sloan. On that occasion, neither man exhibited much knowledge of the science of manual defence, the fight being of a slogging nature from beginning to end. Bradley then weighed 201 lbs., not being in condition to fight; Sloan was a much smaller man, not weighing much over 160 lbs. The authorities of the county soon after issued warrants for the arrest of those implicated, and a number of persons were arrested; among them, Bradley. Their trial came off in the February following, and Bradley was sentenced to six months imprisonment, and a fine of $100. The others were sentenced to an imprisonment of one month each, and a fine of $100. Sloan, at the time, succeeded in making his escape, and for some time eluded the pursuit of the officers who were placed upon his track. On the 10th of February, however, he was arrested in Baltimore, and at once taken to Philadelphia. While on his way, in the cars, the officer who had him in charge, became somewhat drowsy, which, Sloan perceiving, jumped out while the cars were moving along at the rate of 25 miles an hour. The officer soon missed his charge, had the train stopped, and, on proceeding back a short distance, found Sloan by the side of the road; he had been severely injured in escaping from the car. He was soon after lodged in jail. Some time now elapsed before we again heard of Bradley as a pugilist; but at a sparring exhibition given by John Hasson, in Philadelphia, on the 19th of November, 1855, Bradley made his appearance upon the stage, and offered to fight any man in the country for from $1000 to $5000; it was said that in making this offer he excepted his own countrymen. It was therefore thought, that in thus challenging, he had Mr. Hyer in view. However, a week or two later, Mr. Bradley, in a card, said he would accommodate any one of his own countrymen, as well as others. But the original challenge had stirred up the blood of some of the natives, and Mat Rusk responded to the challenge and offered to make a match with Bradley. After a long newspaper controversy on the subject, the match ended in smoke, on account of the parties not being able to agree to the place of fighting, Rusk wishing to have it come off in Pennsylvania, while Bradley preferred Canada. And thus fizzled out this affair.

There was considerable talk on the subject of matchmaking, after this, but nothing of a definite nature transpired until the following July, when Mr. Thos. Stewart, who had been on a visit to Philadelphia, called upon us, and stated that he had been authorized by Mr. Bradley to challenge John Morrissey, of New York, for $2000 a side. What followed, may be gathered from the annexed article, which appeared in the CLIPPER, of August 30, 1856:

The following week Mr. Harry Gribbin answered the challenge, and offered to take the match himself, it being hinted that Morrissey did not care to make a match at that time, for certain reasons best known to himself, and of no interest to the public. After a few paper bullets had been discharged on each side, Mr. Gribbin left $20 in our hands to pay Bradley's expenses to New York to make a match. This was a clincher, from which there was no chance of a back out, and Bradley arrived here in good season, and on the afternoon of the 12th of Aug. the parties, with their friends, met and signed articles to fight, and $50 a side were deposited, Bradley receiving the $20, which had been left in our hands, for his expenses. At this meeting Mr. Morrissey appeared on behalf of Mr. Gribbin, and there seemed to be considerable feeling between Messrs. Bradley and Morrisey, hard words passing, although at parting all was quiet and orderly. It must be remembered that articles had been signed at this meeting, and everything betokened an earnestness on both sides. Something transpired about this time, however, and the stakeholder selected refused to act, and it was then agreed to draw the money down—because, as it is asserted, a *stakeholder could not be agreed upon to hold the stakes of* $4,000. This appears to have been unknown to Harry. When the money had been drawn, and the proposed match between Bradley and Gribbin knocked in the head, before the parties separated, a friend of Bradley's stated that there was one man he would like to see Bradley fight, and that man was Tom Hyer; for, says he, "he is now wearing laurels which he never won—and there are Irishmen in the United States that can whip him."

This brings us to the proposed match in which it is erroneously supposed that Mr. Bradley received a forfeit from Hyer. The facts are these:—On Bradley's friend thus expressing himself, Mr. James Montgomery offered to *bet* $25 that Bradley would not be in New York on the following Saturday evening to make a match to fight Hyer. The bet was accepted on the part of Bradley. Should both parties meet, *then* a forfeit of $500 a side was to have been made. Mr. Bradley returned home, and in a day or two *he sent a telegraphic despatch to Mr. Morrissey*, informing that gentleman that he, (Bradley,) would certainly be in New York on Saturday, and he did come. Hastings' house, the place of meeting, was crowded on the occasion, but the hours flew by, without Hyer making his appearance. Mr. Hyer stated to a few of his friends that the match had been proposed without his being consulted, and he did not feel it incumbent on him to be at the beck and call of every man. If Mr. Bradley wanted to fight him, he said, he had only to see him on the subject and he should be satisfied. During the evening, when it became certain that Hyer would not appear, Morrissey said that sooner than Bradley should return to Philadelphia, without a match, he, Morrissey, would make a match to fight him for $10,000. Bradley was about to reply, but the friends of both interposed, and thus the matter ended, Mr. Bradley returning home in a day or two after, having won the bet of $25.

After this, Awful Gardner, who was then on a sparring tour, visited Philadelphia, and a match was proposed between Bradley and him; but Gardner, being a stranger in that city, found it a difficult matter to find backers for the amount which Bradley proposed, and, after various disputes and much wrangling, this also went off. The friends of Bradley seemed willing and disposed to match him against all comers, not that they were confident of his ability to defeat his opponent, but they were anxious to see what he could do when properly trained, and brought to the ring in good condition. From the many discussions regarding the merits of Mr. Bradley, it was not surprising that a customer was at length found, and this proved to be a Mr. S. S. Rankin, the proprietor of a public house at the corner of Broad and Rose streets; and this brings us up to the match in question.

Mr. Rankin is a native of the North of Ireland—his height is a little over six feet, and his weight 180 lbs.; his age about 30. Until the present match, we had not before heard of Mr. Rankin as a pugilist, and from all we can learn he had never appeared as a principal in the prize ring. It was thought, however, by those who knew the man best, that he would make a fitting match for Bradley; he was said to possess a fair knowledge of boxing, and, being a careful man withal, his friends had every confidence that he could pull through successfully in a contest with Bradley. A meeting of the friends of both men took place, and $80 a side were deposited as a forfeit to bind the parties to make a match. Subsequent meetings were held, and on the 18th of May articles of agreement were drawn up and signed on the 26th, as follows:

The said D. Bradley agrees to fight the said S. S. Rankin a fair stand-up fight, according to the new rules of the London Ring, as published and acknowledged by the Pugilistic Association, by which the said D. Bradley and S. S. Rankin hereby mutually agree to be bound.

The said fight to be for the sum of $1000 a side, and shall take place on the 1st day of August, 1857, in Canada. The said D. Bradley and S. S. Rankin are to meet on the 27th of July, or their representatives, and toss for choice of place to meet at on the morning of the 1st of August; the said meeting to take place on the morning of the 1st of August, between 7 and 10 A.M., and the men to be in the ring between the hours of 12 and 3 P.M. The said meeting for choice of place of meeting to be at Thomas Elliot's, Front above Dock street, Philadelphia.

The said D. Bradley hereby agrees to fight at the weight of 190lbs., which weight is to be decided on the morning of the 30th of July, at at 9 A. M., at Messrs. Davis & Co.'s paper warehouse, Carter's Alley, and also at P. E. Fegans, corner of Eighth and Bedford streets, and providing that the parties do not agree on the justice of the scales, they are to toss for a third place of weighing, which is to be final; and if D. Bradley weighs more than 190 lbs. on the 30th day of July, at the final weighing, he forfeits the whole amount down. The place of meeting on the 1st of August to be named at Mr. Elliott's, on the 27th of July, after the final deposit. Either party failing to be at the place, or beyond the hour named, to forfeit the amount down, except in case of magisterial interference, if not by collusion with the party apprehended; and should either party be apprehended previous to the fight, the following named umpires be authorised to mutually agree to name the place and time of fighting. The said umpires are, on the part of D. Bradley, Wm. McMullin; and on the part of S. S. Rankin, F. H. G. Brotherton: they agreeing to name a day within three days of the 1st of August, or to weigh again, allowing the same number of hours according to the first weighing, or the stakeholder, Mr. Elliott, to name the day and time and place of meeting, should the said umpires be unable to agree according to aforesaid provision.

In pursuance of the aforesaid agreement, the said D. Bradley and S. S. Rankin here put up $120 a side, in the hands of William McMullen, who shall transmit the same into the hands of Mr. Thomas Elliott, who is to be final stakeholder, within twenty-four hours after receiving it. The said agreement to rule each and every deposit, to be made at the following houses, between the hours of 8 A.M. and 10 P.M., viz:—the second deposit, $80 a side, to be made at Henry McDermitt's, at the corner of Shippen street and Shippen Lane, on the 25th day of May; the third deposit of $50 a side, on the 1st of June, at James McDonough's, Sixth, below Shippen; the fourth deposit of $50 a side, on the 8th of June, at Robert McMenemey's, corner of Eleventh and Shippen; the fifth, $80 a side, at Wm. McMullin's, Eighth street below South; on the 15th of June; the sixth, of $80 a side, at S. S. Rankin's corner of Broad and Rose streets, on the 22d of June; the seventh, $80 a side, at D. Bradley's, corner of South and Penn, on the 29th June; the eighth, of $80 a side, at Henry Bunting's, South street, below Broad, on the 6th of July; the ninth, $80 a side, at Ben McKeon's, South street, above Second, on the 20th July; the eleventh and last deposit of $160 a side, at S. S. Rankin's, corner of Broad and Rose street, on the 27th July. The ropes and stakes to be paid for between the two parties, for which they are to toss at the final deposit, and the party winning to receive $10, to find the same. The said umpires, Wm. McMullin and F. H. G. Brotherton, are to mutually agree and choose a referee, when the men meet in the ring. F. H. G. Brotherton agrees to be present and see Bradley weighed on the 30th July, and proceed in company with him.

Witness our hands, the 26th of May, 1857. S. S. RANKIN,
Witness—F. G. H. BROTHERTON, D. BRADLEY.
WM. MCMULLIN.

The match having been thus fairly arranged, the men commenced looking about them for trainers, and training quarters. Rankin secured the services of Joe Coburn, and, in company with that boxer, visited New York, where he gave a sparring exhibition on the 17th of June. On that occasion he was greeted with a full house. Some little dispute seems to have occurred about this time between Mr. Rankin and Mr. Coburn, and the latter did not remain any longer with him in the capacity of trainer. Mr. Rankin, however, secured the services of a man named Adams, then recently arrived from England, a pedestrian of some note, and said to be well posted in all that pertains to the bringing of a man to the scratch in good condition. In company with his new trainer, therefore, Mr. Rankin repaired to the sea shore, in the vicinity of Atlantic City, N. J., where he remained until the Saturday previous to the day fixed for the battle. He worked hard, and left nothing undone that might conduce to his well-being for the important event in which he had embarked.

Bradley took his breathings also in New Jersey, but in close proximity to the river Delaware; he returned every evening to his own residence, on the borders of the Delaware, on the Philadelphia side. He endeavored to secure the services of Phil. Clare to train him, at an early stage of the match, but Phil., having a comfortable situation, was compelled to decline the offer made him. Bradley was placed in the charge of one or two of his friends, and to all intents and purposes must have gone through an immense amount of hard work, for, on the making up of the match we have been given to understand that he weighed 230 lbs., whereas on the morning of the 30th July, the time appointed for the weighing, he barely turned the scales at 186 lbs., being four lbs. under the stipulated weight, thus reducing himself by a system of severe exercise, in two months, *forty-four pounds*. A few weeks before the day of battle, Con. Fitzgerald, of this city, was engaged to attend upon Bradley, and he soon after left his own residence, and took up his quarters in one of the neighboring rural districts, remaining there until the latter part of last week.

As the day for the contest approached, various were the speculations in sporting circles as to the forthcoming tourney. Bradley was the favorite in the betting, but more money was invested concerning the length of the fight than on the result of the battle. Odds were abundant that the fight would not occupy one hour, and many wagers were made that it would be finished inside of 30 minutes, and not a few were willing to take odds that there would be no fight at all. In Philadelphia, in Baltimore, in New York, in Boston, in Buffalo, in Canada, and in many of the western cities, the Bradley and Rankin match was the one topic of conversation in sporting circles, and preparations were made by many to visit the battle ground, and witness the battle.

Rankin left for Buffalo early in the week, accompanied by his trainer, and Bradley left on the afternoon of the 30th soon after the ceremony of weighing had been gone through with; he was also accompanied by his trainers. A large number of the partizans of both parties accompatheir favorites, several hundreds going from Baltimore, Philadelphia, &c., and an equally large number from New York.

As previously stated, the last deposit, being $160 a side, (completing the $2000 to be contended for,) was made on the evening of July 27, at Mr. Rankin's house, on the corner of Broad and Rose streets, in Philadelphia. Rankin had left Philadelphia for Canada on the 27th of July, and Bradley was to follow on the 30th after weighing in Philadelphia. Such was the state of affairs when our last paper went to press.

The weighing of Mr. Bradley was perfectly satisfactory, he showing 186¼ lbs., which is three and a half pounds less than the weight to which he had been limited by the articles. He left Philadelphia at 3½ P. M. on the 30th July, and arrived in Buffalo about 10½ A. M. the next day. Riding in the same car from Hornellsville with our reporter, who had set out from New York, Bradley seemed a perfect embodiment of health and strength. He had been training for some weeks under the experienced guidance of Jonas Fox, at Haverford, about eight miles from Philadelphia, and for the last week or two had also been aided by the attention of Con Fitzgerald. When we consider that Bradley's usual weight ranges from 205 to 230 lbs., some idea may be formed by the general reader of those physical energies and moral restraints which are required to make the professional pugilist qualified for his position in the prize ring. On arriving at Buffalo, Bradley put up at the Washington Hotel, in Exchange street, where he enjoyed the care of that Washington of a landlord—Billy Lockwood. Dominick's fine form is well known.

Mr. Rankin, after leaving Philadelphia on the 27th July, went to Mr. McCulloch's, Cold Spring Hotel, in Buffalo, out at the race course, about two miles and a half from the head of Exchange-street. He had been admirably trained by the noted pedestrian, James Adams, at Atlantic City, about sixty miles from Philadelphia, and while at Buffalo also had the assistance of his half brother. Rankin's usual weight is about 200 lbs., but he now weighed 180¼, all told. He is a remarkably fine-looking and very intelligent man. In the course of a desultory but agreeable conversation with him on the afternoon of the 31st July, he stated that he is a native of Belfast, (Mr. Bradley is also, we believe, a native of that part of Ireland,) that he has passed the principal part of his life in mercantile pursuits, that he did not call himself a professional pugilist, and that he had become so situated in the present match that he felt like trying his best to win, if possible for him to do so.

On the evening of the 31st July, a preliminary meeting on the part of the principals took place at Izzy Lazarus's, New York Saloon, in Exchange-street, Buffalo. Messrs. William McMullen and John McEwen appeared on behalf of Bradley, with Messrs. James Adams and Mr. Rankin's half brother on behalf of Rankin. All the arrangements for the main event of the 1st of August were then completed, and half past eight o'clock on Saturday morning appointed for the general muster of all who intended to join in the invasion of Canada by way of the lake. This result of the conference was received with loud shouts by the assembled crowds of the faithful who awaited without. Several large steamboats were immediately announced to take passengers for a dollar on a very tempting "excursion to Canada."

The various depots and hotels in Exchange street were thronged on Friday evening. A report having been circulated that the renowned Tom Hyer was expected in the train which usually arrives in Buffalo at 9 P. M. also contributed to swell the excitement which seemed to have been already at its height as soon as the fact was known that Bradley (as well as Rankin) was in town. By degrees the whole city of Buffalo became involved in the discussions and anticipations of the pugilistic brethren. Not even Lola Montes, although offering a tempting entertainment at a dollar, could contend against the current which had evidently set in towards Canada.

Among the distinguished strangers in town were the Rt. Rev. Mr. Tovee, who attracted general attention by his amiable deportment and happy conversation. Large delegations were on hand from Philadelphia, New York, Cleveland, Montreal, Boston, Baltimore, etc. The railroad companies seemed to enjoy the outside pressure immensely, and one, more "pious" or "respectable" than the rest, raised the price of passage between New York and Buffalo from $5 to the "considerate" price of $8 during the prize-fight term.

One of the most comical invasions of Canada commenced on the morning of the first of August. Many persons who had thus far traveled rather daintily, now began to find what it is to "rough it in the West." Izzy Lazarus having announced that the tug A. E. Hart had been engaged by him, and some hundreds of tickets issued at a dollar, of course a large crowd assembled at the Canada Dock, foot of Erie Street, the spot designated "on the bills." The A. E. Hart came there, but, for some reasons our reporter could not learn, that vessel did not leave. Mr. Lazarus and his ubiquitous sons, were on hand, however, and the tug L. J. Britton was started off, with a large lake boat and several smaller craft in tow, at 20 minutes after 9 o'clock, one of the largest and finest propellers in Buffalo, the Globe, had been chartered by Tom Davis, (one of the seconds of Rankin,) and Tom Matthews, two of the most popular men in Buffalo. From this, down to the smallest dug out, the invasion was composed of a motley-looking fleet, gathered together on the almighty dollar principle.

Point Abino is twelve miles from Buffalo by a direct line on the lake, but about sixteen by the ferry across Niagara River and the turnpike. The troops on the land advanced simultaneously with the fleet on the lake. The day was very fine and warm, with scudding showers. The scene was quite animating, and although all the smaller craft must have been very uncomfortable, every body seemed to be fully sustained by the anticipations of the day. Sixteen miles of vehicles, nags, and passengers, made a show like that of a day at Epsom.

Those who went by water found that the shallowness of the lake shore required that a landing could only be made by the aid of very small vessels. This caused another scene full of animation and occasional duckings as the debarkation progressed. Rankin was on board the Globe, and Bradley was on the lake boat towed by the L. I. Britton. Near the usual landing is the house of a well-known lover of sports—Wash. Sloane. Here a kind invitation had been extended for the two combatants to rest and take some refreshments before going up to the ground, which is about a third of a mile distant. On our arrival, we found Mr. Rankin occupying the upper chamber, and Mr. Bradley making himself at home in that immediately underneath. Mr. Sloane's family acted with a noble and impartial liberality to both guests, and were evidently anxious to make all visitors as comfortable as possible. In these ministrations of kindness they were much aided by the tact and activity of good old Father Tovee.

The ground selected is all that could be desired, and has already become famous as the field of contest between Harry Lazarus and Dunny Horrigan. The plateau is level, and the trees on three sides give it the look of an amphitheatre. Not less than three thousand people were perched among the trees, and about three thousand were on the ground, either on foot or in carriages. The ring was formed in the orthodox style, and a very efficient local committee of good fellows kept the lines of an outer ring eight feet apart from that. The sheriff of the county, Mr. Samuel Couthard, proprietor of the Waterloo Ferry House, the well-known hotel at Fort Erie, was on hand, and, being a Yorkshireman, of course he took care to make all the surroundings as orthodox as possible. He made some humorous speeches and managed to keep the excitable and somewhat turbulent crowd in good order while they impatiently awaited the choice of a referee. Repeated cheers were given for "Queen Victoria" and for "Young America."

As the articles required the combatants to appear in the ring between 12 and 3, shortly before the latter hour they made their entree, accompanied by seconds and friends. Bradley was dressed as the model picture of an Irish farmer. He wore breeches made of a light drab merino, with ribbon ties turned in at the knees, the usual favorite blue ribbed stockings, and high-lows. Rankin wore breeches of a dark drab with four ivory buttons at the knees, white stockings, and high-lows. Both men were received with loud cheers, and, after sitting a few minutes, retired.

Up to this time the betting was so very shy that we have not felt justified in making any quotation other than that which prevailed in Philadelphia and New York, last week—namely, 6 to 4 on Bradley. At Lazarus's, on Friday night, a hundred dollars was said to have been bet even, and gradually a better feeling began to prevail for Rankin, and certainly the fine training he had received now seemed to warrant such expectations. Still, the betting on the ground was very scarce, although large amounts were known to be pending in the principal cities. The fine appearance made by Rankin rather checked the real transactions of betting than otherwise, for the tables seemed to be turning from the preponderance previously given to Bradley. Of course we do not notice those boys who commit the nuisance of yelling bunkum bets around a prize ring.

At 4 P. M. the deliberations for selecting a referee were brought to a satisfactory close by the choice of Mr. Isaiah Smith, of Buffalo. Mr. Richard Buckley, of New York, was umpire for Rankin, and Mr. William McMullen, of Philadelphia, was umpire for Bradley. The principals were now brought into the ring, Con Fitzgerald and Harry Phillips seconding Bradley, and Tom Davis and Rankin's half-brother seconding Rankin. The choice of corners was won by Tom Davis for Rankin. On stripping, the admirable condition of both men attracted shouts of applause. A general error prevails in regard to the height of Bradley. He is not more than six feet high, and Rankin is about a quarter of an inch the taller.

Two professional seconds had been engaged in Buffalo for Rankin, but of these Tom Davis only made his appearance, and we understand that a lack of funds on the part of Rankin's backers compelled the adoption of Rankin's half-brother [at the eleventh hour] to act in this capacity. The young man's name is William John Ayer, and he showed a general desire for Rankin's success, although not qualified for so important a position at a prize fight.

Bradley's colors were red, white, and blue. Rankin's were plain Mazarine blue.

At the call of "Time!" by the umpires, all the parties in the ring took their stations, with Rankin at the north-west corner and Bradley at the south-west. At a signal they all advanced to the centre, and the usual ceremonies of the shaking of hands took place. At 4.15 the principals first toed the mark for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both men contributed to make a fine picture of pugilism, in their first attitudes. Some cautious sparring took place on the prospecting principle. Rankin made the first hit out, which was put in rather low, but well stopped. More sparring. Bradley put in twice, but was cleverly stopped each time. Rankin made another lunge with his right, but received a terrific stinger on his right ogle, administered by Bradley's left. [Cries of "First blood for Bradley!"] By advice of Tom Davis, Rankin straightened himself up, thus presenting a guard which Bradley's impetuosity could not pass. Rankin soon made another lunge with his right, and then Bradley put in a stunning facer which gave Rankin a clean throw on his bumbe. [Cries of "First knock down for Bradley!"]

2. Bradley laughing. Rankin serious. A few feints on each side led to an exchange of short round clips, novice fashion, but Bradley soon began to force the fighting, and drove Rankin to his corner. Both had bellows to mend, and Rankin dropped. [Cheers for Bradley.]

3. Rankin came up looking more confident. Bradley wolfish, and soon put in a rib rattler. Rankin began sparring on the retreat. "Come up and fight!" says Bradley. More novice fighting ensued, in the course of which Rankin was caught napping twice by Bradley, who put in a couple of stinging stunners on Rankin's light-house, which made him reel while Bradley drove him to his corner, where he dropped. [Vociferous cheering for Bradley.]

4. Rankin serious. Bradley put in a lunge with his left on Rankin's portmanteau. More round hitting on the guards, novice fashion. Bradley got some of his put in on Rankin's dial, and Rankin retreated towards the east side, where a clinch and a throw brought Rankin under, and Bradley fell across him.

5. Both cautious. Rankin made some effort to assume the aggressive, and began to prosper immediately. He put in a couple of tremendous body blows on Bradley. After a little sparring, Rankin administered an awful crusher on Bradley's right jaw, and a straight driver in the throat, but soon fell with weakness from these efforts. [Loud cheers for Rankin.]

6. Both blowing for time. Rankin began well again with a plunger on Bradley's traveling trunk. More novice fighting, in the course of which an exchange of shocking chucks under the chin was made. Both came to the scratch again properly, and some hits were made which looked like science. Bradley broke down Rankin's guard and administered a tremendous polthogue on his left temple which swelled up immediately so as to almost blind that eye. The force of this blow also stunned Rankin into a state of wild stupor, and yet he picked himself up with a wonderful degree of dogged endurance.

7. Rankin was leery, hit short for Bradley's body, and soon fell. [Loud cries of "Take him away!"]

8. Bradley laughing. Some pretty fair sparring. Rankin got in a dab on Bradley's bread basket, who rushed in, broke down his guard, and Rankin had to go to prayers. [Some fluttering in the bets.]

9. Rankin spread himself for business, and put in some body drivers which made Bradley qualmish. Some very fierce raps were exchanged on the letter-box of each, enough to shake out the ivories. Bradley then rushed in with a weaving motion of his guard, and screwed his man over to the ropes, where he beat down Rankin's guard, who then fell, exhausted.

10. A mere retreating dance on the part of Rankin. A chop blow from Bradley, and Rankin down. [A smart shower of rain.]

11. Rankin tried his favorite lunge, but "took the measure of an unmade grave" forwards. [Some very bright sunshine.]

12. Rankin was almost blind of the left eye. Bradley began to drive him out of his shady corner and take possession of it himself, thus forcing Rankin to face the sun with what eyesight he had left. Rankin began well, however, and some smart exchanges were made, when Bradley succeeded in putting in a wide-awaker on Rankin's left eye, which, as it bled freely, did not swell like the other. Rankin fell, much exhausted, and Bradley began to pipe a little. [Cheers on both sides.]

13. Bradley put in one of his rushers on Rankin's guard, and down the latter went. [A few trifling bets, even, on each side.]

14. Bradley put in four awful facers, one after the other. Rankin now began to find what a ring fight is. He stood up well to his work, and delivered a smasher on Bradley's right jaw, and another on his smeller, which made Bradley pause to consider. He soon rallied, however, and beat down Rankin's guard, and Rankin had to go down. [Cries of "Give Rankin three cheers!" and done it was with a will.]

15. Another retreating dance, one clip from Bradley, and Rankin down. [Cries of "Go in, Rankin! if yer do, yer safe."]

16. Rankin much improved. He stopped better, and put in one on Bradley's throat. Bradley hammered down his guard, and he had to go to worship without regard to forms of prayer.

17. Both men looked business-like. Rankin put in a rattler among Bradley's kitchen furniture, and Bradley returned the compliment on Rankin's dial with such effect as to knock his whole clock-case over. [Vociferous cheers for Bradley.]

18 and 19. These two rounds brought the fight to a shape which was so often repeated that we shall avoid much tedious repetition by referring to them as models. This shape seems to have been induced by the necessity of the case, for Rankin was so severely punished in the first half dozen rounds that his only chance for success lay in prolonging the fight so as to weaken Bradley, or if the worst came to the worst, show that indomitable degree of endurance which Rankin unquestionably possesses. Bradley would walk leisurely out of his corner looking around as much as to say—"Is there any fighting to be done here?" He then would stand at the scratch, and Rankin, (who was almost invariably held back ten or fifteen seconds by the finesse of Tom Davis,) would then face him. Bradley would begin to saw wood immediately, Rankin would retreat out of his own shade into the very sunshine which had fallen to Bradley's lot, and then Bradley would hammer down Rankin's guard until the latter had to go down. There being no scientific points in such rounds, the details would be useless.

20. An interesting rally. A tremendous lunge from Bradley was countered on Rankin's right elbow. Bradley got away well, put in a chop, and Rankin went down. [Tremendous cheering.]

21. Some pretty sparring and very neat stops. Some signs of a clinch, but no throw, for Rankin shut up like a jack-knife.

22. A retreating dance entirely around the ring. Some open-handed slaps exchanged. Rankin down. Been fighting 30 minutes.

23. After some neat stopping, Bradley administered a butt blow on Rankin's conk which started the claret right and left, and floored the receiver. [Cries of "Let the claret help his blind eye!"]

24 and 25. Like 18 and 19. In both these rounds Rankin fell at Bradley's corner, and what made the circumstance more comical was the fact that he lay in such a position that Bradley could not get in himself. This caused roars of laughter, in which Bradley joined, although he needed recruiting. The umpires allowed a minute's time in each case.

26. Rankin made one lunge, but fell forwards. Bradley stood still and looked down upon his opponent, laughing.

27. Some good stops and smart exchanges. Bradley got wolfish, and gave a sockdolager on the throat. Rankin fell, spitting blood.

28. Bradley gave a flush hit on the conk which floored Rankin with an abundance of claret. [Much chaffing going on outside.]

29. Like 18 and 19.

30. Rankin delivered a lightning express package on Bradley's sign-board, which staggered the receiver, and then followed that up with a battering arm lunge on the ribs, which made Bradley look somewhat inclined to be pious, or at least make some sign of piety, but he soon sent out his left with crushing force, and Rankin went down.

31. Bradley still seemed very anxious to get in that left of his. Rankin aimed for his breadbasket, but hit short and fell. Rankin here complained of a wound on his left great toe received from one of the spikes in Bradley's fighting shoes. Bradley also showed a semi-circular scratch received on his left shoe in a similar way. But Rankin's was a severe wound, and bled freely. [Committee of the Whole in discussion.]

32, 33, and 34. Like 18 and 19, accompanied with open-handed exchanges.

35. This was also similar, but Bradley backed Rankin to the ropes, and then seemed not to know what to do with him, especially as Bradley was just then very weak. He allowed Rankin to fall forwards.

36, 37, and 38. In all of these Rankin made one lunge with his right and then fell forwards. In the last he hit Bradley below the belt while in the act of falling. Bradley's seconds claimed a foul blow, but Mr. Smith saw the circumstance, and did not allow the claim.

39. Rankin tried to use his left, partly fell, got up again, let fly, and fell straight out. Bradley laughing.

40. Some smart exchanges. Rankin put in a severe throttler, fell

on one knee, got up, and sent a regular thunderbolter on Bradley's right eye. Bradley thought proper to retire, and Rankin then walked to his own corner. The seconds on either side seemed quite unprepared for such a demonstration.

41. Rankin began well with a straight one from his left and then a lunge with his right, but fell while delivering the latter.

42. Rankin put in his left very effectively three times on Bradley's body. Bradley got wolfish. A short rally of in-fighting ensued, and gradually Rankin's guard was lowered, and he fell.

43. Like 18 and 19, with the addition that Rankin fell at his own corner after going the rounds. [Loud cheering and laughter from both sides.]

44, 45, and 46. Like 18 and 19, with the addition of occasional exchanges of open-handed smacks, for both men were cautious on distance.

47, 48, 49, 50, 51, and 52. Like 18 and 19. Rankin very weak.

53. Much chaffing from Bradley. "Come up and fight!" said he. Rankin was advised by Tom Davis to stand up straighter. He did so, and assumed the aggressive so well as to put in a regular bill-sticker on Bradley's front fence, and a couple of open-handed smacks on his letter-box. Bradley went around as if clambering up some very steep stairs, and delivered a couple of straight stingers on Rankin's frontis piece, the last of which straightened him out. [Great "sensation," as the French say.]

54. Rankin put in a lunge with his right, and recovered himself very well. Both men stood in the middle of the ring and did their work much better. Bradley got a chance to put in his awful sledge-hammer left, and Rankin caved like a jack-knife shutting up shop.

55. Like 18 and 19.

56. After a few passes Rankin fell, pointing out his right.

57. Rankin put in a regular pavement-rammer on Bradley's right jaw. A rushing rally ensued. Bradley got in his left, but rather short. Rankin tried to reciprocate, but fell in the effort. [Loud cheers for Rankin.]

58. A brisk exchange of body blows. Another countering by way of Rankin's right elbow. Bradley getting savage. Rankin down.

59, 60 and 61. Like 18 and 19.

62. After much pirouetting, B. made a lunge with his right, in Rankin's fashion, but was said to be too low. A "foul" was claimed, but not allowed. Another minute given to "wipe up" the men.

63, 64, and 65. Like 18 and 19.

66. Rankin commenced business with a regular staggerer on Bradley's scrag, and made his lighthouse windows sparkle and flicker. Bradley now got up aggressive steam, and delivered such a crusher on Rankin's letter-box as to split his upper kisser. [Inquiries of "Much claret?"]

67. Bradley says "Come up here!" Rankin hit out but short of mark, and fell forwards. [Cries of "Give Rankin three cheers!" and they were well given.

68, 69, 70, 71, and 72. Like 18 and 19.

73. Bradley delivered a round swinging blow on Rankin's right (the best) eye, and Rankin fell like an ox in a slaughter-house.

74. Like 18 and 19. Rankin's right eye bleeding so profusely that he might now be considered as almost blind. He fell, feeling for his opponent. [Tremendous cheering for Rankin.]

75. Two light taps from Bradley, and Rankin fell.

76. Here occurred the only thing like a scientific one-two in the whole fight. They were given by Bradley. Rankin down.

77. Bradley administered a lunge on Rankin's ribs, and the latter fell spitting blood freely.

78. Like 18 and 19.

79. Rankin lunged short of distance, and fell forwards.

80. Rankin stumbled twice from weakness, but rallied and shone out very well while on the defensive. Dropped in a heap at last.

81. Rankin much improved. Some rattling good exchanges. More sparring. Bradley at last made a chop which glanced on Rankin's breast and downed him quite softly.

82, 83, 84, 85, 86, and 87. Like 18 and 19.

87. Bradley very wolfish. He put in three smashers on the beeline principle, and so exhausted himself in the efforts that he fell on his knees, but kept his guard up, while showing signs of early piety. There was nothing to fear from Rankin, who lay all along for a full-length portrait.

89. Bradley rushed his man to the ropes. A smart rally ensued, and some smart exchanges were made, but Rankin had to slide down at that. [Cries of "Good boy, Rankin!" and "Finish him off, Bradley!"]

90. After an ineffective lunge from Rankin, and some sparring, Bradley was thrown in a grapple sideways. The seconds were so astonished at such an event that Rankin actually walked to his own corner. [Great cheering for Rankin.]

91. A very good rallying round, with something like give and take Rankin delivered some brush blows on Bradley's chops which soon gave them a bongo prominence. [Loud cheers for Rankin.]

92. This was a similar exhibition of fair-and-square stand-up work. Both men had now got well warmed in their harness, and showed the admirable training they had received. Bradley, getting impatient, began his weaving and clambering rushes again. Rankin could not (or did not) resist much of this, and had to go down.

93. Rankin put in a lunge with his right on Bradley's medicine chest, but fell with the effort. [Cries of "How do you like that, Brad?"]

94. Rankin put in a sickener on Bradley's windpipe, and after some smart exchanges, went down. [Cries of "Well done, Rank!"]

95, 96, 97, 98, and 99. Like 18 and 19.

100. Both men began to revive. After some smart exchanges, Rankin put in several stunners on Bradley's temple. That individual began to use his crushing left, and Rankin had to succumb.

101. Like 18 and 19. At the close, Bradley was so exhausted that he fell across Rankin's corpus. [Much laughter.]

102. Like 18 and 19.

103. Bradley got in that left of his with stunning effect upon Rankin's show-case. Rankin rallied, fair and square, but could not face that music long.

104, 105, and 106. Like 18 and 19.

107. Rankin received an artillery crash on his right jaw, and spit out much of the ruby. Bradley got to laughing, and Rankin got to grass. [Cries of "Give Rank some more cheers!"]

108. Bradley came up gaily, but found that he needed a nosewipe almost as much as Rankin. He managed to get at Rankin's best (the right) eye again, and seemed quite glad when Rankin fell.

109, 110, and 111. Like 18 and 19. In the last, Rankin stumbled backwards. [Very heavy shower.]

112. Bradley administered another crasher on Rankin's lower jaw, and the latter fell like a log.

113. Like 18 and 19. [Remarkably hot and bright sunshine.]

114. One of the best rounds in the whole fight. Three distinct rallies of smart stopping and exchanging. At last, Rankin went down from the force of a swing blow given by Bradley's right.

115, 116, 117, 118, and 119. Like 18 and 19, with the addition that Rankin stood up and delivered better, notwithstanding the dreadful state of his eyes ever since the sixth round. [More showers, but the faithful remained.]

120. Rankin got rather sassy with his mawleys, and Bradley then gave one of these tremendous swings with his right which generally sweep the board.

121. Rankin got in two demonstrators on Bradley's dial, when Bradley at last downed him at his own corner.

122. Bradley was similarly situated in this round. As he made his swing, Rankin began to fall, and Bradley had hard work to keep himself from giving what might have been a foul blow, but he saved himself handsomely.

123, 124, 125, and 126. Like 18 and 19. [Hot sun again.]

127. A very good round of compliments on both sides, but Bradley the most punished.

128, 129, 130, and 131. Like 18 and 19.

132. Rankin gave a rattling crasher on Bradley's lighthouse, and Bradley repaid with two on the receiver's trunk, which sent him down.

133, 134, 135, and 136. Like 18 and 19. [More showers.]

137. In going the "rounds" this time, like 18 and 19, Rankin was stated to have gone down without a blow. The fight was claimed by Bradley's seconds, but the referee considered Rankin not to blame.

138. Rankin got in a wizener on Bradley's throat, but fell with the effort.

139 and 140. Like 18 and 19. [Nice breeze with sunshine.]

141. A very interesting round. Rankin almost blind, but making wonderful efforts. Bradley began clambering up stairs again, and Rankin had to reach after him as well as he could see. At last, with a planting blow upon Bradley's breast, he fell.

142. Like 18 and 19.

143. A fine round, well fought, and nearly all in the middle of the ring, until Rankin dropped with exhaustion.

144. Rankin began well, but being so blinded with claret, Bradley gave him almost an extinguisher on the conk, which started more yet of the claret. [Cries of "Take him away!"]

145, 146, and 147. Rankin lunged with his right, and fell forwards, short of distance.

148. In this round, Rankin continued his lunge, as he could not see to do anything else, and this time he gave Bradley a regular gall-burster on the ribs before falling.

149. Rankin got in one on Bradley's breast, but Bradley got his awful left at work, and Rankin had to jack-knife his knees again.

150. Another lunge from Rankin, who fell forwards.

151. Another lunge, which Bradley declined to accept, and a brisk round of sparring and dodging brought Rankin down.

152. At the call of "Time!" Rankin fell without being able to strike a blow. Bradley, amid deafening cheers, was declared winner at 7:13; which shows the fight to have lasted two hours and fifty-eight minutes.

As the shades of evening were now coming on, a general scramble commenced for getting "home again." The adventures of the morning were far eclipsed by those of the evening, as thousands can testify. The Globe was the first boat in at Buffalo, at about eleven o'clock on Saturday night. Some of the others made an "all nighter" of it. Rankin was on board the Globe, and at one time considerable fear was entertained for his life. He was taken to the Union Hotel, kept by W. J. Keen, where he is now receiving every care that kindness can suggest. The ladies of the house, headed by Mrs. Keen and Mrs. Davis, (the wife of Tom Davis,) have behaved with that kindness which courage and gallantry always inspire in the feminine breast. When our reporter last saw Rankin on Sunday evening he was getting along charmingly, and regaining his usual good looks rapidly. Father Tovee was also there, to administer the rights of good fellowship and consolation.

The astonishing endurance displayed by Rankin, especially when we consider that it is his first appearance in the P. R., entitles him to the best wishes of all who know the circumstances under which he has made his debut. A subscription was immediately started by the winner, who put down a $20, and was immediately followed by Mr. McMullen and other Philadelphians who happened to be present. We know very well that New Yorkers will not be ontdone in such matters of propriety. Rankin has lost the battle, but we know that he has gained many a friend by the gallantry and indomitable endurance so well displayed.

Bradley had the good luck to avoid the N. Y. & Erie cars from Buffalo last Sunday evening, and is now in Philadelphia receiving the congratulations of his friends. When he left Buffalo a large crowd attended him to the cars of the N. Y. Central Railroad, and enthusiastic cheers attested the admiration in which he is generally held.

REMARKS.

If we may be allowed to judge from the miles of wharves with their thousands of people who lined the lake shore of Buffalo last Saturday night, to learn the intelligence from those who had witnessed the fight, we may fairly infer that this battle has been properly discussed by the sovereign people, but our duty as journalists is not complete without some remarks. We have not time to do justice to the subject this week, but may observe, in passing, that the winner has never previously been in the P. R., unless we count a little affair in Pennsylvania. Rankin has never shone out previously in this capacity, and therefore his unflinching conduct is the more praiseworthy.

Before we can have great champions we must have great fighters; and these things do not occur in a day. Of the winner, it is no more than just to say that he well earned his pre-eminence. He could force the fighting, but he could not make a great battle. Of the loser, we may as truly say that his splendid display of manly endurance proves that although he has lost the fight, he need be under no apprehension of losing a friend. On the contrary, we are glad to learn that measures are being adopted to mark, in some public manner, the obligations of pugilism to sustain so respectable and gallant an exponent of the fistic art.

During Saturday evening, and all day Sunday, the excitement in New York and Philadelphia to learn the result of the match was intense. The various newspaper offices in the latter city were thronged with those in "pursuit of knowlege under difficulties," but nothing reliable was received until Monday morning. Various bogus reports were put in circulation, and as they favored either man, so did the partizans of that man rejoice. No telegraphic dispatches were received on Sunday, but notwithstanding this, all sorts of reports were in circulation. Now, we hear that Bradley had his jaw broken in the sixty-fifth round, and was carried out of the ring in a dying condition; then again it is whispered that Rankin had defeated Bradly in nine rounds; and now that Rankin had an eye knocked out, but that he fought on till the 196th round, when he fell and broke his leg, and thereby lost the fight. These conflicting rumors only tended to increase the excitement, and all hands were on the *qui vive* on Monday morning to see what the dailies had to say upon the subject; but they were all silent; not a word about the fight; and then commenced the rush to the CLIPPER office, the people knowing that if there was any reliable news in the city there they would find it, and as soon as we received a dispatch from our reporter the result was posted on a bullitin at the entrance to our office, where it was perused by thousands, and the news soon flew through the city, and was in a short time telegraphed all over the country.

Bradley reached New York on Monday about half past 10 o'clock, and immediately called at the CLIPPER office, which was soon after thronged by those anxious to see the winner. His face was considerably swelled, and both eyes exhibited the varied hues of the rainbow, but he did not present such a bad appearance as one would imagine after such a long encounter. In company with a few friends, he made a few calls, and took the 2 o'clock P. M. train for home, where he arrived the same evening about 7 o'clock.

CARD FROM MR. BRADLEY.

CARD.—I hereby take this opportunity of stating to my friends and the public that I have no disposition to enter the prize ring again, nor will I. Before entering into my match with Rankin, I made a solemn promise to my parents that, win or lose, I would never fight another prize fight. This promise I intend faithfully to keep; therefore it will be useless for any one to challenge me, as I will pay no attention to anything of the kind addressed to me. To my friends, and all who have interested themselves in my welfare in my late battle, I return my sincere thanks. I do not retire from the ring because of any objection to the art of manual defence, (for I look upon it as a noble science,) but out of regard for those whose declining years I wish to render as comfortable and happy as it may be in my power so to do.

DOMINICK BRADLEY.

CARD.—St. Louis, Mo., July 27, 1857.—EDITOR CLIPPER—There are always two sides to a question. After reading the letter from Mr. Brown, in this week's CLIPPER, I deem it necessary to set the sporting world right in this matter. In the first place, I know from good authority that the time of making good the second deposit was from eight to twelve. After claiming the forfeiture, both Brown and the stakeholder said that Brown would fight Mr. Davis from a thousand dollars to twenty-five cents. The consequence was, one of Davis's friends went to Mr. Claxton's, and matched Davis for five dollars. On the day appointed for the fight, Mr. Davis and his backer went to Mr. Claxton's to see if Mr. Brown was ready to fight, when Mr. Brown declined to fight unless it was in a room, and a rough and tumble fight. Such an invitation from a gentleman professing to get his living by the manly art, will, I have no doubt, be read with surprise by your numerous readers; but such was the fact. Mr. Davis, of course, declined; when Mr. Brown approached Davis's backer, jumped on him, and bit a piece out of his face before he was removed. These are facts that can be testified to by numerous witnesses in St. Louis. You can make what use of them you like, although I should like it published in the CLIPPER, as it is extensively read in St. Louis. Yours respectfully, JOS. HILTON.

HILTON ON HAND.—Having seen in this week's CLIPPER a challenge to me from one Haley, and that "man and money" were ready at Prof. Stewart's Gymnasium, I called there to see about it. The Professor said he knew no one of that name. Now, I wish to inform the public that I shall take no notice hereafter of any challenge, as my business is such that it will not pay me to go into training for a pugilistic encounter. JOHN HILTON.

WM. OSBOURN, of Boston, will accept the challenge of Bill Yardley, of Roxbury, and will fight him for $100 or $200, or as much more as he can raise. The first deposit must be made at the Sewell House, the second at the Burmingham house, in Portland st., and the remaining deposits as agreed to.

COBURN MATCHED.—A forfeit of $25 a side was posted on Saturday evening last, to make a match between Joe Coburn and Jimmy White. The parties are to meet on Thursday evening, Aug. 6th, to draw up articles to govern the match.

FRANK MCINTIRE requests us to state that the notice recently inserted in our paper from a Mr. Montgomery, of one of the western cities, is without truth. Frank says if Mr. Montgomery will make any definite charge against him, he will know how to refute it.

CON. KEEGAN has not responded to Young Aaron's acceptance of his challenge. Well, perhaps Keegan will not offer another challenge in a hurry if that is the way he does business.

THE DOGS CRIBB AND DANGER fought in Providence, R. I., on the 27th July, Danger winning in 17 minutes. We have a letter on the subject, from which it appears that there has been some foul play. The letter will be given next week.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 1, 1857.—The match between the Enterprise and Lone Star Base Ball Clubs was played with the following result:

ENTERPRISE.	R.	L.	RUNS.	LONE STAR.	R.	L.	RUNS.
Weddle	2		3	Gough	1		5
Dayton	2		3	Mackey	2		3
Bleecker	3		2	Christie	2		4
Webber	1		2	Warren	4		2
Cornwell	3		2	Garabrant	1		5
England	1		4	Wood	2		4
Maxfield	0		5	Phillips	3		1
Davis	3		1	Dingler	2		1
Newbould	3		2	Hopkins	4		2
Total	24			Total	27		

Umpire, A. J. Dayton, Esq. Umpire, A. C. Williams, Esq.
Referee, J. B. Holder, Esq.

The Lone Star drew the game on account of darkness, having had seven innings to the Enterprise's six; they being three runs ahead of the E. on the odd innings. England, Maxfield and Davis, of the Enterprise, and Gough, of the Lone Star made home runs.

G. H. NEWBOLD, Sec'y E. B. B. C.

A GRAND REGATTA came off on the 3d, at the foot of 36th street, between the sail-boats Sophia, Red House Belle, and Francis Speights; they sailed for a silver teapot, which was won by the Sophia. The wind was light, and they sailed 20 miles in 2 hours and 53 minutes, the Sophia beating the Red House Belle 16 minutes, and the Francis Speights 20 minutes.

SPARRING.

A GRAND SPARRING EXHIBITION will take place at Harry Jennings', Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison-street, for the benefit of Johnny Aaron, on Wednesday evening, Aug. 12th, 1857, at 8 o'clock precisely, on which occasion several of the professors and lovers of the fistic art have promised to give their aid. Johnny Aaron having been on the shelf for some time, feels anxious to make a match with any man, bar none, at 130 pounds weight, for from $100 to $500. Man and money ready at Harry Jennings' on the above night. Cheek Harris will be on hand to give his imitations of the celebrated London fighting men. The wind-up will be between Johnny Aaron and Young Costello. Jack Adams, master of the ceremonies. Doors open at half past 7—sparring to commence at 8. Admission 25 cents. Tickets to be had at all the sporting houses in the city.

AMUSEMENTS.

CITY SUMMARY.

The warm weather still continues to exert an unhealthful influence upon our places of amusement, none of them doing a business worth speaking of. Niblo's, perhaps, with the Ravels, and the newly imported *danseuse*, Madlle. Rolla, is doing better than the others.

At Wallack's, Mr. and Mrs. John Wood have been "the card" during the past week, the latter showing off to considerable advantage as Shylock, in the burlesque of that name, while the former created some little stir in an old piece with a new name, viz., The *Pas de Fascination*; in which piece a lady "brought down the house" one evening by expressing herself as feeling "like going to heaven in a feather bed." Rather shocking for all the respectability of Broadway. On Saturday evening Mrs. Wood took a benefit, on which occasion Mrs. W. was presented with a check for (on paper) $1000. We have not learned that the check has yet been cashed. Mr Walcot had a benefit on the 29th, when Mr. and Mrs. Conway were announced to perform, but it seems they did not because their names had not been printed on the bills in sufficiently large letters. So we go. Mr. and Mrs. C. have left for Chicago.

Mr. Eddy, at the Bowery, is achieving wonders, and the large audiences that nightly assemble there remind us of the palmy days of old.

The Marsh Children, who performed at Mechanics Hall, last season, opened at Laura Keene's on Monday evening last, to a not very large audience.

Burton has discontinued his promenade concerts for want of patronage. Stuart opens the Academy of Music on the 6th inst., with a series of musical promenades, and on the cheap order at that. Only to think, 25 cents to the Academy! What will the codfish aristocracy say to that?

The Olympic, under its new organisation, progresses favorably. It is said that Mr. T. F. Meighan has given up all interest in the management of this little theatre.

We dropped in a little late at Bryant's Minstrels one evening last week, and although the night was one of the warmest we have yet experienced, we found the house literally crowded, so packed, in fact, that we could scarcely find standing room. The success of this troupe is, certainly, without parallel.

The National is doing well with "The Fast Young Men."

NATIONAL SUMMARY.

Mad La Grange was ready to take $5000 for six performances in Boston, but the lessee of the Howard Athenæum was not green enough to give it. Since the New York noodles crowned Mad. La Grange, her terms have assumed an appearance of royalty, but such things will not answer in Boston.

Juliana May, one of our own vocalists, is about to return to her own country after an absence of seven years. Can this be the "Dearest May" of whom we were wont to hear so much in times gone by?

Ole Bull's fiddle, accompanied by Ole Bull himself, has left here for Norway, to see the "old folks at home."

Mr. and Mrs. Wood are to receive $10,000, and hotel and traveling expenses for an engagement of one hundred nights. They are to perform in the different cities of the Union under the direction of Mr. Maguire, of California.

Sanford's Ethiopian Opera Troupe have returned to Philadelphia, and will re-open at their own establishment on Monday evening next.

On dit, that Polly Marshall will form one of Sister Laura's company during the ensuing season. Polly and Laura ought to make a strong team.

A Mr. Fitzgerald, of Cincinnati, has been awarded a prize of $500, for a drama written for Mr. J. Proctor. There were many competitors for the first prize, but none were considered worthy of it.

Rowe's Circus, in California, is played out. The sheriff recently sold out the whole concern for $9,000. This is ground and lofty tumbling, with a vengeance. The creditors had a hard row to hoe.

Miss Williams, said to be a Welsh nightingale, arrived here last week. We have no knowledge of the merits of this newly imported warbler.

The "Fat Woman," just 19 years old, has engaged with one of the traveling circuses, as a tumbler. Now, then, let the Ravels shut up shop.

Lola Montez is on a professional tour through the States. Ex-Rev. Chauncey Burr, attends to her business. Good for the ex-Rev.

A company of "real, living, live Injuns" have been performing at Hoboken.

Susan Denin got into a tight place at Syracuse, lately, and had to give the "dry goods man" a diamond ring as an earnest of her intentions to make things all right.

Brougham continues successful at the Howard Athenæum. The present is his last week there.

Miss Maggie Mitchell, for some reason not known among outsiders, did not make her appearance at Burton's, on Monday evening last, much to the disappointment of manager and audience. Susan Denin, who opportunely happened to be in the city at the time, took the absent one's role, and gave satisfaction. Miss Denin will continue through the week. Burton also appears.

J. B. Howe is engaged for the next season at the Boston Theatre.

Mr. James Bennett is "back again" from England.

"Nothing to Wear" is being delineated by Miss Kimberly at New Haven.

THE "FLORENCE ASSOCIATION," a gay organization of Billy Florence's friends, intend having a glorious time in Boston and environs next week, whither they proceed on the 8th inst. The "City Club" of Boston and a delegation of young men from Lowell do the honors on the arrival of the New Yorkers. The city papers generally have spoken well of this affair, and it promises to be one of the best "turn outs" of the season. The *New Haven Palladium* intimates the probability of the association remaining in that place a day or two. Boston boys! give a hearty welcome to the F. A.'s.

THE BLOOM IS ON HER CHEEK.—Yes, but you don't know how it got there. We do not mind putting you in possession of the secret, however, that you may have the same clear and rosy complexion as her you admire so much. Use a cake or two of Dr. Gouraud's Celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, and it will remove all freckles, if you happen to have any, cause tan to disappear, bid defiance to pimples, and all other eruptions of the skin, which will give you a fine healthy appearance, such as you never had before. Also, try the Doctor's Liquid Rouge; and if your hair is light, red or gray, the Doctor's Liquid Hair Dye will change it almost instantly, to a beautiful brown or jet black, without injuring the skin or hair. These articles may be had at Dr. Gouraud's, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway; also of T. R. Callendar, 88 South Third street, Philadelphia; and of J. B. Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston.

COCK FIGHT IN WORCESTER.—A cock fight came off in Worcester, Mass., on the 24th of July, between James and William Deleany, of Cherry Valley, and Cornelius Sheehan and John Quiltry, of Boston—3 out of 5. The Boston boys took it in good cheer. Deleany called his fowl the Queen's County Black Heads; Boston was called the Black Reds. The money won was about $300. Cherry Valley took the first two fights, and Boston took the last three with all ease, thus winning the money.

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Pure water should always be within their reach, and so situated that they can approach it without fear or peril. They should always have salt, *ad libitum*. A mixture of bone dust and ashes may be advantageously placed in a separate trough. The instincts of the cattle will be a safe guide with regard to the quantity required, except in case of salt when they have been long deprived of it, in which case the re-supply should be gradual.

Regularity of feeding, reasonable service and kind care and protection when withdrawn from the yoke or harness, is the rule for working animals. There may be times when over-work would be profitable even at the risk of the animal's health, but with those who lay their plans wisely this will seldom happen; and as a general rule a reasonable amount of labor, with good feed and proper care, is more profitable than excessive labor.

Let all changes, as from hay to grass, or from dry fodder to roots, be gradual. It is easier to keep animals in a healthy condition by a proper attention to food and cleanliness at all times, and by special care to avoid exposure after labor or when changing their food, than to restore them after becoming diseased.—*Am. Farm. Mag.*

CRICKET IN ENGLAND.

The following match, which we extract from *Bell's Life* of July 12, we recommend to the perusal of our readers, as it is not often so good an opportunity occurs to show how inseparably connected with the game is that "glorious uncertainty." There seems to have been nothing else done in this sport which would be of interest to the generality of our readers, everything else being made somewhat subservient to Dean's benefit, to be played on the 27th of July, the result of which we shall endeavor to lay before our readers in advance of the regular mails:

Counties of Kent and Sussex vs. England.—July 6, being the time appointed by the Marylebone Club committee for these two counties to contend against England, the match commenced on that day, and was brought to a conclusion on the following. The company was not very great, owing to the rain, which made its appearance at the time when the ground mostly begins to fill. Last year, it will be recollected, the counties had, in the second innings, to go in for 44, but were doomed to get only 39, and thus lost by 4 runs. The match on this occasion, the result will show, was equally well contested. The ground, owing to the previous rain, was somewhat dead, but the wickets had been well prepared and selected. The betting was 6 to 4 on England, notwithstanding that the Counties had two such fine bowlers on their side. It appears to us an oversight leaving out Wells of Sussex, whose bowling alone this year is remarkably good, and if we may judge from the masterly innings he played against Surrey, at Brighton, he is also worth playing for his batting alone. England won the toss, and sent in Grundy and Cæsar, but the former was not allowed to stop so long as on the previous Monday. Five singles, and Wisden caused a rattle. Cæsar made some remarkably fine hits; one a drive for six from Willsher, also two drives from him for fours, and one from Wisden; with a three and a single; Wisden also gave him notice to quit. The first fell for 11 and the second for 38. Mr. Haygarth was caught by third man off a "jumper" from Lillywhite, who had taken the ball at Willsher's end; his figures were two threes (a drive from Willsher and a leg-hit from Wisden), a two, and singles; three wickets down for 58 runs. Parr attempted to take a liberty with one from Lillywhite—running off—and got bowled; he made a splendid drive from Wisden for six, also two cuts from each bowler for threes, a leg-hit for two, and two singles, and then had to retire; four wickets for 71 runs. Tinley and Caffyn now got together, and caused a considerable deal of bother before they could be got rid of. Willsher again took the bowling at his end, and ere long Wisden again took the ball, which had previously, for eleven overs, been well trundled by Dean. Wisden gave Tinley one that got by, and 23 was announced as his contribution towards defeating the Counties; his figures were a five (drive from Wisden), a four (drive from Lillywhite), four twos, &c. Five wickets down for 106 runs. No one else made a stand with Caffny, Wisden and Willsher disposing of them for a total of 132. Martingell made a drive from Willsher for four. Caffyn, therefore, brought out his bat with the score of 39 attached to his name, composed of two fours (cut and a drive from Willsher,) five threes (two at square-leg, two cuts, and a drive), three twos, and singles; his innings was a masterly one in every sense of the word.

The bowling of Wisden was first-rate, while Willsher, who was suffering from a bad leg, was not so well on the spot. Throughout the innings Goodhew long-stopped well. Messrs. Tredcroft and Norton took long-leg and mid-wicket, and Dean point. Lillywhite cover; the latter particularly distinguished himself in his position. Ellis also kept wicket well and it may be safely stated that an excellent display of cricket was shown on both sides. For the Counties Dean and Adams were the first with the bat, C. D. Marsham and Caffyn, their opponents, with the ball. Dean made a drive from Caffyn for four, and was caught in the slip. One wicket for 13. John Lillywhite just "snicked," and the ever-ready Lockyer, was, of course, "all there," and thus two wickets fell for 16. Wisden hit on, and the third fell for 28. Adams was then bowled, Marsham putting together an excellent 19, by a four (drive from Caffyn,) two threes (drive and a leg-hit,) two twos, &c. This, the fourth, wicket fell for 32 runs. No one could make a stand but Goodhew, who exhibited an excellent defence, until Tinley came on with the slows, whose first ball, a full pitch, got him caught; his figures were two fours (leg hit and a drive,) a three (cut,) and singles. Mr. Andrews, who, strangely, appeared last, brought his bat out, without much opportunity of scoring; and the innings terminated at half-past six o'clock for 76 only. 5 to 1 was now laid on England, and the result will show whether or not such odds ought to be laid on cricket.

Tuesday.—This morning England was first of all represented at the wickets by Caffyn and Cæsar. The latter run out. Mr. Haygarth followed and got bowled. Caffyn was then caught in the slip. The first and second wickets fell for 18 runs, and the third for 21; the fourth, G. Parr's, for 25; the fifth, Grundy's, 32. This caused the layers of long odds to feel somewhat uneasy. Tinley came, and, like Caffyn, made a good 16, composed of two fours, a three, a two, &c. Caffyn's was a four, a three, three twos, &c. The sixth wicket, Lockyer's; seventh, Stevenson's; and eighth, Marsham's; all for the same total—41. The ninth, Tinley's, was got rid of, when 45 was announced. The two last, (Jackson and Martingell's,) were then together, and had not Martingell been lucky in a decision as to a "run out," the total would have remained the same, but 7 more were scored. The innings terminated at 20 minutes to two o'clock—*the innings of an Eleven of England like this lasting only one hour and a half!* The bowling of Willsher and Wisden could not be looked at. Stephenson was got at point the first ball, and Mr. Marsham was bowled the second. The Counties had now 109 to get to win; they sent Dean and Adams to the wickets. The third ball of Jackson's removed Adams' stumps. Goodhew came next, and with Dean ran up the score to 20, when Stephenson, who had been put on at Marsham's end, got one past Dean; he made a drive from Marsham for four. Lillywhite then came, but Stephenson also got rid of him; thus three wickets fell for 28 runs. Wisden was caught hitting round at a leg ball, and four went for 31 runs. Caffyn took a ball thrown from long field and threw out Willsher, which made five for 53 Willsher made two threes and two singles. Ellis and Mr. Andrews having been got rid of, Clifford came and made a stand with Goodhew, who had been playing in a most masterly manner. Several changes in the bowling took place. Tinley, at last, got Clifford with his slows, being caught long-field off; he made a four, a two, and two singles—eight wickets for 77 runs, or 32 to get. Mr. Norton joined Goodhew, when Jackson, at last, disposed of the latter by a shooter. His was a splendid innings, made by a drive and leg hit for fours, two cuts for threes, with five twos, and singles, making a total of 40. Messrs. Tredcroft and Norton, the two last, played admirably, and called forth repeated applause. Four or five runs more might have been run, but when the long-stop caught Mr. Norton from the fast bowler, 13 were found to be wanting to tie, by which number, therefore, England was declared victorious. Mr. Norton made two threes and three singles, and Mr. Tredcroft five singles. The match terminated shortly after five o'clock. The score:

ENGLAND.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..J. Grundy b Wisden	5	c Clifford b Wisden	1
2..J. Cæsar b Wisden	22	run out	5
3..A. Haygarth, Esq., c Clifford b Lillywhite	15	b Willsher	0
4..G. Parr b Lillywhite	18	c Ellis b Wisden	4
5..W. Caffyn not out	39	c Wisden b Willsher	16
6..R. C. Tinley b Wisden	23	b Wisden	16
7..T. Lockyer c Ellis b Willsher	0	b Willsher	3
8..H. Stephenson b Wisden	1	c Dean b Willsher	0
9..C. D. Marsham, Esq., b Willsher	0	b Willsher	0
10..W. Martingell b Wisden	4	not out	2
11..J. Jackson b Wisden	1	c and b Willsher	5
Byes 3, leg bye 1	4		
Total	132	Total	52

KENT AND SUSSEX.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..J. Dean c Marsham b Caffyn	4	b Stephenson	8
2..T. Adams b Marsham	19	b Jackson	0
3..John Lillywhite c Lockyer b Marsham	1	b Stephenson	3
4..J. Wisden b Caffyn	6	c Cæsar b Martingell	2
5..F. Clifford c Tinley b Marsham	4	c Cæsar b Tinley	8
6..E. Willsher b Marsham	1	run out	8
7..C. Ellis c Parr b Martingell	7	b Stephenson	0
8..W. Goodhew c Jackson b Tinley	18	b Jackson	40
9..W. S. Norton, Esq., b Martingell	5	c Cæsar b Jackson	9
10..E. Tredcroft, Esq., b Martingell	4	not out	5
11..H. Andrews, Esq., not out	1	c Lockyer b Caffyn	1
Leg byes 4, wides 2	6	Byes 4, leg byes 7	11
Total	76	Total	95

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

England.—*First Innings:* Willsher bowled 132 balls, 55 runs, 12 maidens, 2 wickets; Wisden, 143 balls, 44 runs, 18 maidens, 6 wickets; Lillywhite, 64 balls, 14 runs, 7 maidens, 2 wickets; Dean, 44 balls, 15 runs, 5 maidens. *Second Innings:* Willsher bowled 108 balls, 22 runs, 17 maidens, 6 wickets; Wisden, 108 balls, 30 runs, 15 maidens, 3 wickets.

Counties.—*First Innings:* C. D. Marsham bowled 104 balls, 39 runs, 8 maidens, 4 wickets; Caffyn, 44 balls, 21 runs, 5 maidens, 2 wickets; Martingell, 52 balls, 10 runs, 9 maidens, 3 wickets; R. C. Tinley, 1 ball, 1 wicket. *Second Innings:* C. D. Marsham bowled 24 balls, 17 runs, 2 maidens; Caffyn, 24 balls, 7 runs, 4 maidens, 1 wicket; Martingell, 8 balls, 4 runs, 1 wicket; R. C. Tinley, 60 balls, 20 runs, 6 maidens, 1 wicket; Jackson, 84 balls, 20 runs, 10 maidens, 3 wickets; Stephenson, 80 balls, 16 runs, 11 maidens, 3 wickets.

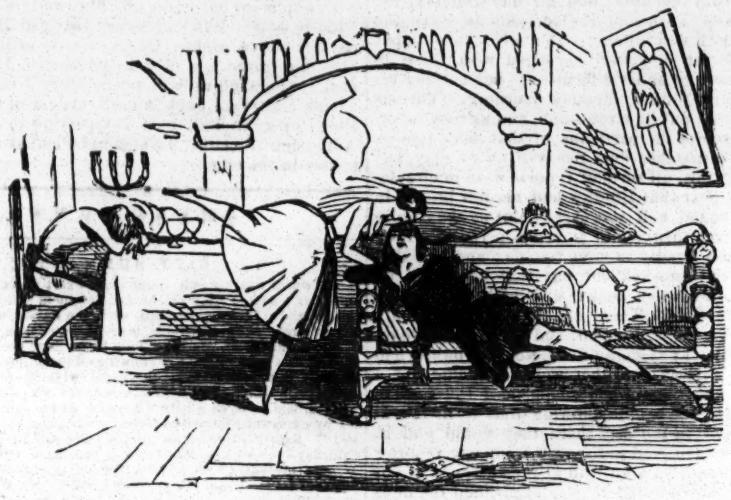
To Kill Ticks on Sheep.—Mr. J. A. French, of North Clarendon, Vt., writes to the New England Farmer, that flax seed, fed at the rate of a tablespoonful each day to each animal, will have the effect of destroying the ticks, and will, at the same time, very much promote the health of the sheep.

A "WICIOUS" HORSE.

Hostler—"This here horse, *as* a horse, is oncommon fine if he's properly managed; but he isn't very quiet; that's all the fault he's got."

Innocent—"Not much of a fault that; he's kind of lively, I suppose; that's what you mean, my good man, isn't it?"

Hostler—"Yes, that's it; sort o' lively. Why, he'd get you up in a corner, and kick yer brains out in no time. He's killed two men already, he's so lively."



ROLLA,

AS SEEN AT NIBLO'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

Returning from a visit in New Orleans, we were fortunate enough to secure passage in a line steamer, with but few passengers. Among the ladies, one especially interested us. She was the widow of a wealthy planter, and was returning with only one child to her father's house. Her devotion to the child was very touching, and the eyes of her old black nurse would fill with tears as she besought her mistress "not to love that boy too much, or the Lord would take it away from her."

We passed through the canal of Louisville, and stopped for a few moments at the wharf, when the nurse, wishing to see the city, walked out on the guard, at the back of the boat, where, by a sudden effort, the child sprang from her arms into the terrible current that sweeps towards the falls, and disappeared immediately. The confusion, which ensued, attracted the attention of a gentleman who was sitting, in the fore part of the boat, quietly reading. Rising hastily, he asked for some article the child had worn. The nurse handed him the tiny apron, she had torn off in her efforts to retain the babe in her arms. Turning to a splendid Newfoundland dog that was eagerly watching his countenance, he pointed first to the apron, and then to the spot where the child had gone under. In an instant the noble dog leaped into the rushing water, and also disappeared. By this time the excitement was intense, and some persons on shore, supposing that the dog was lost as well as the child, they procured a boat and started off to search for the body. Just at this moment the dog was seen far away with something in his mouth. Bravely he struggled with the waves, but it was evident his strength was falling fast, and more than one breast gave a sigh of relief as the boat reached him, and it was announced that he had the child, and that it was still alive. They were brought on board—the dog and the child.

Giving a single glance to satisfy herself that the child was really living, the young mother rushed forward, and, sinking beside the dog, threw her arms around his neck, and burst into tears. Not many could view the sight unmoved, and, as she caressed and kissed his shaggy head, she looked up to his owner and said:

"Oh, sir, I must have this dog! I am rich, take all I have—everything—but give me my child's preserver."

The gentleman smiled, and, patting his dog's head, said, "I am very glad, madam, he has been of service to you, but nothing in the world could induce me to part with him."

The dog looked as though he perfectly understood what they were talking about, and giving his sides a shake, laid himself down at his master's feet with an expression plainer than words, "No, nothing shall part us!"

A "WICIOUS" ANIMAL.

Some 20 years ago the late Mr. Stevens imported a bay gelding called the Powhatan. He bought him through an agent in London, and gave for him $2,000. After he had him a week, the groom one morning said:

"Commodore, that d——d Powhatan has kicked all the boarding from the stable behind where he stands."

"He has, eh? Well, hitch him up before my heavy sulky, and I'll take the vice out of him in short metre."

The groom hitched up Powhatan and drove him up to the door in a few moments. The Commodore got in, when Powhatan laid down on his belly. Commodore introduced a shilling raw hide to his hams, when, with one kick, the bottom of the sulky was stove through, and the Commodore badly bruised. Commodore said nothing, but ordered Powhatan put up. A week after, finding nothing could be done with the animal, he offered him for sale. Here is a copy of the advertisement, which we find in the Herald of September, 1843. It has never been in print since:—

"For Sale.—The bay gelding Powhatan. He was sired by his father, and damned by the man who last owned him. He is true in all kinds of harness, providing it don't make him vicious. Terms, whatever he'll bring. Parties applying latest will get the best bargain. Inquire of Mr. Stevens' groom, &c."

THE SPIDER AND THE SNAKE.

ASTONISHING FEAT OF A HOUSE SPIDER.

It would seem that there is no living thing so obnoxious as not to find some admirers. What creatures so repulsive as rats and spiders? Yet the London Quarterly finds something beautiful and even loveable in the former, and Dr. A. Fitch, in Harper's Monthly, labors to show that the latter "delicate little objects" are worthy of our esteem and admiration! He denies that their bite is fatal to any save insects, and extols their agility, adroitness, sagacity and heroism as worthy of all praise. In support of these views he tells the following curious story concerning a heroic spider who captured a snake. The affair came off last summer, in the store of Charles Cook, in the village of Havana, Chemung Co., N. Y., and is attested by the Hon. A. B. Dickinson, of Corning, "who himself witnessed the phenomenon, as did more than a hundred other persons."

An ordinary looking spider of a dark color, its body not larger than that of a common house fly, had taken up its residence, it appears, on the under side of a shelf beneath the counter of Mr. Cook's store. What may we suppose was the surprise and consternation of this little animal on discovering a snake about a foot long, selecting for its abode the floor underneath, only two or three spans distant from his nest! It was a common silk snake, which, perhaps, had been brought into the store unseen in a quantity of saw-dust with which the floor had been recently "carpeted." The spider was aware, no doubt, that it would inevitably fall a prey to this horrid monster the first time it should incautiously venture within its reach. We should expect that to avoid such a frightful doom, it would forsake its present abode, and seek a more secure retreat elsewhere. But it is not improbable that a brood of its eggs or young was secreted near the spot which the parent foresaw would become a prey to this monster if they were abandoned by their natural guardian and protector. We can conceive of no other motive which should have induced the spider so pertinaciously to remain and defend that particular spot at the imminent risk of her own life, when she could so easily have fled and established herself in some secure corner elsewhere.

But how, we may well ask, was it possible for such a weak, tender little creature, to combat with such a powerful, mail-clad giant? What power had she to do anything which could subject the monster to even the slightest inconvenience or molestation. Her ordinary resort, that of fettering and binding the victim by throwing her threads of cobweb around it, it is plain, would be of no more avail here than the cords upon the limbs of the unshorn Sampson. Aware that her accustomed mode of attack was useless, how did she acquire the knowledge and sagacity requisite for devising another, adapted so exactly to the case in hand—one depending upon the structure and habits of the serpent, to aid in rendering it successful? How was she able to perceive that it was in her power to wind a loop of her threads around this creature's throat, despite of all his endeavors to foil her in this work—a loop of sufficient strength to hold him securely, notwithstanding his struggles and writhings, until by her tackle-like power she could gradually hoist him up from the floor, thus literally hanging him by the neck until he was dead? for this was the feat which this adroit little heroine actually performed—a feat beside which all fabled exploits of Hercules in overpowering lions and serpents and dragons sink into utter insignificance! And who can say that in the planning and execution of this stupendous achievement there was not forethought, reasoning, a careful weighing of all the difficulties and dangers, and a clear perception in the mind of this little creature that she possessed an ability to accomplish what she undertook; in short, an exercise of faculties of a much higher order than the mere instinct which is supposed to guide and govern these lower animals in their movements?

By what artifice the spider was able in the first of its attack to accomplish what it did, we can only conjecture, as its work was not discovered until the most difficult and daring part of its feat had been performed. When first seen, it had placed a loop around the neck of the serpent, from the top of which a single thread was carried upward and attached to the under side of the shelf, whereby the head of the serpent was drawn up about two inches from the floor. The snake was moving around and around, incessantly, in a circle as large as its tether would allow—wholly unable to get its head down to the floor, or to withdraw it from the noose, while the heroic little spider, was exulting no doubt, in the success of its exploit.

But the most curious and skillful parts of its performance are yet to be told. When it was in the act of running down the thread to the loop, the reader will perceive it was possible for the snake, by turning its head vertically upward, to snap at and seize the spider in his mouth. The spider, probably by watching each opportunity when the mouth of the snake had thus been turned toward her, adroitly, with her hind legs, as when throwing a slight thread around a fly, had thrown one thread after another over the mouth of the snake, so that now he was completely muzzled, by a series of threads placed over it vertically, and these were held from being pushed asunder by another series of threads placed horizontally, as my informant states he particularly observed. No muzzle of wire or wicker work for the mouth of an animal could be woven with more artistic regularity and perfection; and the snake occasionally making a desperate attempt to open his mouth would merely put these threads upon a stretch.

The snake continued his gyrations, his gait becoming more slow, however, from weakness and fatigue; and the spider continued to move down and up on the cord, gradually shortening it, until, at last, drawn upward so far that only two or three inches of the end of his tail touched the floor, the snake expired, about six days after he was first discovered.

A more heroic feat than that which this little spider performed is probably nowhere upon record—a snake a foot long, hung by a common house spider! Truly, the race is not to the swift, nor is the battle to the strong. And this phenomenon may serve to indicate to us that the intelligence with which the Creator has endowed the humblest, feeblest of his creatures, is ample for enabling them to triumph in any emergency in which he places them. It is only the slothful, cowardly, timorous, that fail, and they fail not so much before their enemies as before their own supineness.

HOW TO GET SLEEP.

How to get sleep is to many persons a matter of high importance. Nervous persons who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability, usually have a strong tendency of blood on the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of the blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let such rise and chafe the body and extremities with a brush or towel, or rub smartly with the hands to promote circulation, and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath, or a sponge bath and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up or down stairs a few times just before retiring, will aid in equalising circulation and promoting sleep. These rules are simple and easy of application in castle or cabin, and may minister to the comfort of thousands who would freely expend money for an anodyne to promote "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."